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THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER I.

SIR WILLIAM RODEN, Knight, had made his will, and the long parchment lay upon the table. He had left large benefactions to the poor, and to the parish church; he had given exact directions for his burial in the chapel north of the choir (where his wife and his two sons already lay), as to the torches that were to be carried in his funeral procession and the tapers to be burnt upon his grave for seven years after and on every anniversary following, as to the prayers for his soul to be said in that same chapel (which indeed he had built) by an honest priest of good conversation, for a period of time that he did not think it necessary to limit. The dim future might be safely left to the care of God, and to the piety of his one dear grandchild and her descendants. To her, Margaret Roden, he left everything; the castle and manor of Ruddiford, with all its estates and tenements, farms, mills, pastures, market dues, and advantages of every kind, and the household goods of which he added a long inventory. And, in case the rheumatism which racked his limbs should kill him while she was still young and unmarried, he committed her to the care and guardianship of the Lady Isabel, Baroness Marlowe, the widow of his

oldest friend, praying her to take Margaret into her own house, and to provide for the trusty management of her property till she should be married or of age. And in all these matters he prayed her ladyship to take counsel with the executors of this last will of his, namely, her step-son the Lord Marlowe, Sir Thomas Pye the Vicar of Ruddiford, and the Masters Simon and Timothy Toste, brothers, the doctor and the lawyer, in whom he placed confidence. And so, with many pious words, he ended his testament.

"Now read it in our ears, my good Timothy," he said.

The attorney obeyed him, his thin voice ringing through such silence as could be had on that November afternoon, with the great west wind rattling the lattices and roaring in the wide chimney. There was an unearthly pause, the stillness of death for a minute or two, through which the voice piped clearly; then the thundering waves came rolling up once more over moor and meadow and forest, and the wind yelled and screeched with more fury for the long breath it had taken.

Logs were burning on the hearth, and Sir William, a noble-looking old man with a white beard, was sitting in his high carved chair close to the chimney-corner, his velvet gown folded round his knees. In the middle of

the vaulted room, his own room, reached by a short flight of steps from the castle hall, four persons sat opposite to him at a table, one of them reading, the other three listening to the will, the contents of which they all knew already; for three of them were executors, and the fourth, Sir William's secretary, had acted as clerk to Timothy Toste on the occasion.

The two listening old friends,—Sir Thomas the Vicar, thin and tall, with a face like a turnip-lanthorn, so did the spirit shine through the starved-looking flesh, and Simon Toste the apothecary, fat, short, with a beaming smile that almost undid the harm of his medicines—shook their heads simultaneously as they realised the unbounded confidence their patron was placing in the Lady Marlowe. The secretary smiled faintly as he watched them, seeming to read their thought. He was a marvellously handsome young man, an Italian, brought to England when a boy by John Roden, Sir William's son, who had lived much abroad and had married a Venetian lady at the court of King René of Anjou. These two had followed the Princess Margaret when she came to England as the bride of Henry the Sixth, and both had died of the English fogs, leaving as a legacy to Sir William their small page Antonio, picked up as a beggar in the street, and their precious little daughter, the Queen's godchild, Margaret. Before this time, William Roden, the knight's elder son, had been killed in a brawl in London streets, dying unmarried, so that the baby child was the one hope of the house of Ruddiford.

Both children, Antonio being seven years older than Margaret and her slave and play-fellow, thrived wonderfully in the chilly northern air and hardy life of the castle. Sir William,

the most simple-minded of men, had watched them growing up and developing side by side, stronger and more beautiful every day, and had given no thought to the probable end of this childish intimacy, or to the necessity of providing his grandchild with some other companion than the low-born, velvet-eyed foreign boy, till Master Simon Toste plucked up courage to speak to him on the subject. Then Sir William, unwillingly convinced, did the easiest thing that came to hand, sending to his neighbours the Tilneys at King's Hall, half a dozen miles away, and proposing that their daughter Alice, a couple of years older than Margaret, should come to Ruddiford and live with her for an indefinite time. This proposal being kindly received, he was satisfied, and would not listen for a moment to Simon Toste's further advice,—“Send the Italian fellow back to Italy.” Sir William was fond of Antonio, who knew how to make himself indispensable, and who now very easily, as it seemed, transferred his caressing ways from Mistress Margaret to her grandfather. The old man was growing helpless. Antonio became his devoted personal attendant as well as his capable secretary. Though the steward, the bailiff, the town officials, the men-at-arms even (for Ruddiford had its little garrison) were disposed to sneer at receiving Sir William's orders frequently by the mouth of Antonio, they had no real fault to find. He did no harm to any one. If he had any evil passions or wild ambitions, they were kept well in check. He was a foreigner, with a clever head and a face of classical beauty. Perhaps this was enough to make the sturdy Midlanders hate him. With women, as a rule, he did as he pleased, though no scandal had yet touched him, and through his discretion no one knew

that Mistress Alice Tilney had fallen desperately in love with him.

This young girl's parents had both died of the pestilence since she came to live at Ruddiford, and King's Hall had now fallen into the hands of her brother, Jasper Tilney, who kept house there with a set of wild and daring companions, and had lately given great offence to Sir William Roden by coming forward as a suitor for Margaret. The estates marched: this was his only excuse for such presumption; and Sir William refused his offer with a cold politeness very near contempt, thus turning his neighbour into a troublesome enemy.

Such was the state of affairs when Sir William Roden made his will; and beyond the boundaries of Ruddiford and King's Hall, the war of the Red and White Roses, in that year of our Lord 1460, was desolating the land in its wandering changing way. At this moment, the party of the White Rose had the best of it, and King Henry was a prisoner in their hands, while the Queen and the young Prince were fugitives in Scotland.

"That is my will," Sir William said loudly, when Timothy ceased to read. "Now to sign it. But we must have witnesses. Go, Tony, call a couple of fellows who can write; Nick Steward for one, the parish clerk for t'other. You might have brought him with you, master Parson."

The secretary rose readily enough, but looked askance, as he did so, at the three old executors. They were putting their heads together, muttering doubtfully. Antonio's dark and brilliant eyes, glancing from them to his master, seemed to convey to him the consciousness of disapproval on their part.

"What's the matter?" the Knight cried sharply, and his impatient temper surged up red into his pale

cheeks. "What are you plotting, you three? Anything wrong with the will? Keep your fault-finding till I ask for it. Your business is not to carp, but to carry out faithfully. Fetch the witnesses, you rascal, Tony. Am I to be obeyed?—Well, Parson, say your say."

"It is about these Marlowes, Sir William," said the Vicar.

"Ay, Sir Thomas, and what about them? My oldest friends, remember."

"A friendship of a long while back, if I am not mistaken."

"And pray, sir, is it the worse for that? A long while back? Yes, from the field of Agincourt,—not that it began then. We were brothers in arms, Marlowe and I. King Harry knighted us both with his own hand, after the battle. He bound us for ever to his service, and that of his son. Ah, in those days, England wanted no one but Harry. He was our man, a man indeed! All these Yorks, with their false pretty faces and curly pates,—away with 'em! I'll leave Meg in the charge of a good Lancastrian, and though I have not seen Harry Marlowe for years, I know he is as true a man as his father, God rest him. Well, Parson, what maggot have you got in that wise head of yours?"

Thomas Pye listened patiently. He knew very well that his patron, once fairly off on the legend of Agincourt and the friends of his youth, would not be checked by reason. Indeed, Sir William was at no time very reasonable. With charming qualities, he was a wilful man, and it was sometimes easier to lead him in small matters than in great. If once convinced in his own mind, opposition was apt to be useless. The good men of Ruddiford took him as he was and followed him meekly, except where Mistress Margaret was concerned. There, love and duty gave

them courage, and they spoke their minds, as little Simon had done in the case of Antonio.

"We are all mortal, Sir William," said the Vicar. "I hope from my heart that you may live twenty years longer, by which time this will of yours will signify nothing, so far as it affects your granddaughter. But you may die next week, Sir."

"Without doubt, Thomas," said Sir William, smiling and stroking his beard. "I have provided for that, as you hear."

"Ah! You have left Margaret's entire future in the hands of this Lady Marlowe, the second wife of your old friend."

"A most religious lady of high birth and great position."

"Ah! My brother, who lives at Coventry, and who had some work as a lawyer with the Parliament, was in London a month ago. He heard that the Earl of March had,—slandrous tongues will talk—had visited the Lady Marlowe at her house in Buckinghamshire."

Sir William laughed aloud. "She is a woman of fifty, at least," he said. "Your brother might have been better employed than in listening to such tales, my good Thomas."

The Vicar blushed. "You misinterpret me," he said. "I was thinking of politics. They say, plainly speaking, that a Yorkist success would bring over the Lady Marlowe and her large influence to that side. There is some enmity between her and the Queen—"

"I do not believe it," said Sir William. "The Lady Isabel would never be so disloyal to her husband's memory. Besides, her son would see to that. You will tell me next that Harry Marlowe is a follower of York!"

"Harry Marlowe,—do you know what they call that unfortunate man, Sir William?"

The old Knight stared at him with wide blue eyes, "On my faith," he said, "you talk like a crazy fellow, Thomas Pye."

"They call him Mad Marlowe. They say that a few years ago, when he disappeared for a time and was said to be abroad, his step-mother was compelled to put him in chains for his violence. He recovered, mercifully. He is a good Lancastrian, yes, for what he is worth. He follows the Queen everywhere, or journeys on her business. A true man, I believe, but—" the Vicar touched his forehead significantly.

"Why did I not hear all these tales before I made my will?" growled Sir William.

"I heard them from my brother but yesterday. Master Timothy had already drawn out your will, but I knew little of its particulars. You will not sign it, I hope, in its present form? You will not leave your grandchild in the hands of these persons!"

"Is your brother here?"

"No, Sir William. He has gone back to Coventry."

Then followed a short and sharp argument, at the end of which Sir William Roden flew into one of those rages which had often harmed himself and those dear to him. He spoke words of such violence to the Vicar, that this excellent man strode erect out of the castle, back to his house beside the church, shaking the dust off his feet and leaving the foolish old Knight to do as he pleased with his own. Timothy and Simon quailed beneath the old man's furious anger and soon fled also in a less dignified fashion. Antonio hastily fetched two witnesses; the will was signed as it stood, and locked away in Sir William's great chest, with the other deeds of the estate.

When all this was done, Sir

William became calm, and sat for a long time silent by the fire. The raging wind had fallen; there was no sound in the room but the crackling of the logs, and now and then the pushing of benches, the clatter of steel, and the hum of voices in the hall below. Antonio sat at the table, his face in his hands, and watched the old man between his fingers. He loved him in his cat-like way, and admired his high spirit and suddenly flaming temper. It gave him a thrill of physical pleasure to see those three wise worthies discredited and driven out like a set of fools by Sir William's proud loyalty to his old traditions and the name of his earliest friend. What did it matter if the Vicar was right, if these Marlowes were unworthy of the trust to be placed in them? It might not be any the worse, in the end, for Antonio.

A low whistle from the old master fetched him to his feet. It was the call of his childhood, to which he had answered always like a dog, fearless of the fiery temper that kept most people on their guard. Next probably to his grandchild, though with a long interval and on a different plane altogether, Sir William loved this other legacy from the handsome, luxurious, wandering younger son who had come home to Ruddiford only to die.

Antonio made two steps across the floor and crouched before Sir William, whose thin hand fumbled with his black mop of hair.

"Tony, I hate to be thwarted," he said.

"And it is the worse for those who thwart you," murmured the Italian. "You send them skipping, dear Sir," and he showed his white teeth, laughing silently.

"Peace, rascal, no irreverence," said the old man. "Sir Thomas is a

saint; but what should move him to listen to that peddling brother of his against my noble friends, and to expect me—me!—to change my plan for his scandalous gossiping! He might have considered,—here is Meg sixteen years old and more—I may die next week,—to-night, for that matter,—Tony, I may die to-night."

"No, no," the young man murmured soothingly; "but if you did, there is the will safely made."

"No thanks to those three fools," said Sir William. "Yes, 'tis safely made; but if I had listened to them, and died,—or even did I live to make another, in these frightful times, how could I devise to protect Margaret? Her old nurse and Alice Tilney against the world! No marriage arranged for,—Jasper Tilney bold as the very devil,—he and his Fellowship might step in and carry her off before she could reach safety with the Abbess of Coleford! There, to the abbey, she would have to go, and Alice with her, for in her own castle she would not be safe. Yes, by Our Lady, and as I hope to be saved, the will is not enough, Tony. Fetch your ink and pens. You will write a letter to my Lady Marlowe; you will tell her of the trust I have placed in her and Harry, and of the whole state of things here; you will bid her send a person, with authority from herself, to take charge of my grandchild if need arises, and in case of my death or any other accident to fetch her away to Swanlea or elsewhere, if it be her will. We shall have men enough for an escort,—unless indeed my Lady finds Meg a husband in the meanwhile, who can enter into possession here and guard his wife and her estates. Well, well, all this in good time. Light up your candles, throw on another log, and sit down and write as I bid you. My Lady go over to York, because

of the issue of one battle! I would as soon believe it of my old friend Marlowe himself. She is a woman of spirit, and if it be true that Edward of March visited her, I warrant you she received him so that he will scarce do it again. Farrago of tales! Haste, Tony! Black Andrew shall ride south this very night with the letter."

It was a difficult letter to write, for the Knight's directions were long and wandering, like his talk; but Antonio was a fine scribe, with a clever way of putting things, and also spelt English better than many an Englishman. There was something to touch the most worldly heart in the frank and simple confidence, the perfect trust in her loyalty, with which Sir William Roden committed his young grandchild's future into Lady Marlowe's friendly keeping. And this letter, which was the direct consequence of the Vicar's warning intervention, and which, far more effectually than the locked-up will, decided the future of Margaret Roden and of Ruddiford, was carried south in the small hours of the next morning by an armed messenger in Sir William's livery of yellow laced with gold.

CHAPTER II.

"Sit you down and sing to me, my sweetheart, my golden Meg. Why do you stand there, staring at the snow?"

The old man's voice, impatient but soft, as it always became when he spoke to his grandchild, broke suddenly on the silence of the room.

It was Christmas Eve, and the afternoon was closing in; there was a clamour of church bells from the town, a distant noise of shouting and trumpeting in the streets, where mummers and morris-dancers were pacing forth on their way up to the

castle. The still air was laden with snow; wild November had given way to the hard grip of a most wintry December, and all that northern mid-land country was snowed up and frozen. The deep clay-stained stream of the Ruddy, winding between willow copses through the flat meadows on which Ruddiford Castle looked down, was covered with ice, though not yet hard enough to bear man and horse, so that the usual ford some way below the bridge was a difficulty, and all the country traffic had to pass over Sir William's bridge under the castle wall. The road that led to the ford was deep in snow; that which ended at the bridge was already well furrowed and trampled. The guard at the bridge tower, which defended its further entrance, while the castle gates commanded its narrow twisting length, its projecting piers and niches for foot passengers, had enough to do in receiving Sir William's tolls from horse and cart and waggon, as the country people pressed in to the Christmas market.

It was not only the white and grey wilderness, the heavy shadow of the woods that swept away beyond the meadows, the frozen river and moving peasant figures on the bridge, that kept Margaret Roden's eyes employed as she stood in her grandfather's window. At this moment, under the heavy snow-clouds, a flood of glowing yellow light poured out and glorified all that desolate world. The bridge, the tower, the polished, shining river, a band of horsemen with flashing lances and fluttering pennons who rode up from the south,—all this became suddenly like a hard, brilliant illumination in some choice book of prayers. Margaret forgot to answer her grandfather, so busy was she in gazing down at the bridge, and Sir William's own thoughts were distracted by something which told him,

—the knowledge coming rather as a shock—that in the last few months his pet child had grown into a woman, and a beautiful one too. It was a most lovely picture, of which he had only a side view from within; the exquisite lines of Margaret's figure, the perfect shape of her head and neck, the warm colouring of the cheek, the masses of soft red-brown hair, which, far away from courts and fashions, she wore unconventionally as she and her old nurse pleased. The setting sun in its glory bathed this young figure, standing in the broad new window of Sir William's room, the window which he had made for his son John's sake, to let in the south and the sun.

"My golden Meg," he repeated, half to himself, as his eyes followed the broad track of sunshine on the rush-strewn floor. Then he went on muttering: "Christmas here, and no answer from my Lady! If she could see the girl now, she would not fear the charge of her."

A trumpet-call rang through the air. Meg stepped closer to the window, threw back the lattice suddenly and leaned out, so that she might see the whole length of the bridge.

Sir William's guard at the tower had not delayed that troop of riders long, and they were now crossing the bridge at a foot's pace. Their leader, a tall man almost unarmed, riding a richly trapped horse and wearing a velvet cap with young Prince Edward's badge of a silver swan, was stooping wearily on his saddle when he rode in from the heavy country ways. But from the middle of the bridge he looked up at the castle; and there he saw the great window set suddenly open, and the vision of a girl looking down upon him,—*"like a saint from the windows of heaven,"* as he said afterwards. For the full golden glory of the light rested upon her, and all

the rugged old keep shone like the ramparts of the clouds, and Sir William Roden's yellow banner, heavy with the embroidery of her hands, rose slowly from the flag-staff on the leads and flapped high above her head in the breath of the evening.

The stranger looked for a moment or two, his face, thin and dark with heavy eyes weary of the way, lifted towards Margaret, who in all her young womanly beauty bent upon him the intent, wondering gaze of a child. Then he bared his brown head and bowed down to his horse's neck; then he looked up again, riding very slowly, and so, still with eyes aloft and a new flame of life in them, passed out of Margaret's sight into the shadow of the walls.

"Meg! What do you see down there, child?"

The question was quick and imperious. It startled Mistress Meg, who for the last few minutes had quite forgotten her grandfather's presence. She turned, and clanged the lattice to. At the same moment the snow-cloud came down and smothered the struggling sun in his five minutes' victory. The room became dark, except for the flickering flames under the chimney.

Meg could not answer her grandfather, for in good faith she did not know who or what she had seen. Some one she had never seen before, and must see again,—yes, if all the armies of York and Lancaster were between! which they were not, for her keen senses were very conscious of sounds below, of an honoured guest arriving. He,—he, whose look and bearing, even at that distance, had taught her something she had never known—a few minutes, and he would be standing in the room, talking with her grandfather, looking at her once more. Was he old? Was he young? Was he the King himself, Henry of

Lancaster, into whose dark and gentle eyes she had looked up once as a child! Was he one of King Arthur's knights come back from fairy-land,—Sir Launcelot, perhaps, of whom her nurse had told her the story!

She came silently forward, took her lute and touched its strings; but she could not sing, for her heart was beating so that it choked her. "It was, Grandfather," she said, coming nearer to him, "it was a troop of horse that crossed the bridge."

"Whose men? Not Jasper Tilney's? Was he there himself?"

"He? Yes,—oh no, no, not Jasper Tilney—a knight, a prince, a noble lord—how should I know!" the girl said, then laughed and broke off suddenly.

The door of the room was opened, and two servants carried in tall copper candlesticks, with wax candles lighted, which they set down upon the table. Then Antonio came swiftly in, with a side-glance at Margaret, and stood before his master. "Sir, the Lord Marlowe asks to be received by your worship. He brings letters from my Lady his mother."

"Ha! His Lordship is very welcome."

With some difficulty Sir William lifted his stiffened limbs from his chair, and advanced a few steps towards the stairs, leaning heavily on his stick, which hardly seemed support enough for him. Margaret and Antonio moved forward at the same instant to help him. Their eyes met, and the Italian, as if commanded, fell back suddenly and stood like a servant in the background. A pretty, fair girl slipped into the room and passed close to his shoulder, going round to wait upon Margaret. As she went, she lingered long enough to breathe in his ear, "Who is this?" and the young man answered in the same whisper, inaudible to the others,

"Mad Marlowe." He smiled as he spoke. "Oh, no danger then!" murmured Alice Tilney, her wild brother's partisan in secret, though in Sir William's presence she dared not name Jasper. Antonio only smiled again.

Way-worn, and wet with snow, Lord Marlowe was ushered into the room by the old steward and the other servants. He was a tall slender man of thirty-five or thereabouts, with a slight stoop of the shoulders; his face was long, brown and delicate, with dark hazel eyes that were strangely attractive and sweet, yet shining with a sort of wildness, or rather a wistful melancholy. His hair, ruffled into untidy curls by the wind, gave him a look more picturesque than courtly. His eyes passed quickly over Sir William Roden, the noble old man who was moving to meet him with words of cordial welcome, to glow with a brown flame as he fixed them on Margaret. She looked up half shyly under her long lashes; he could hardly see the colour of the eyes they hid, but his vision of the window stood before him in breathing flesh and blood, and Harry Marlowe, used to courts, tired of a world he knew too well, seemed to see a lost ideal once more in this child, as innocent as she was lovely. Not that he dreamed, at first, of offering this country beauty, his step-mother's young *protégée*, anything but the admiration, touched with a fugitive thrill of passion, which such a face must rouse in any man not stockish and a tasteless fool. But he said between his teeth, to the bewilderment of those who caught the words, "By heaven! too good for the Popinjay!"

Courtier, even more than soldier, as Harry Marlowe was, his manner had the bold unconventionality of a man who cares little what his com-

pany may think of him. Bowing low to Sir William, he addressed his first words to the girl on whose arm the old Knight was leaning. "My fair lady, your humble servant greets you well," he said. "I heard of you from far; I saw you, all crowned with gold, leaning from the window to welcome me,—and yet I think you had no news of my coming?"

"None, my Lord," said Margaret, and she trembled; for now the strange hero had bent on his knee before her, and her hand lay small and warm on his long cold fingers, and was touched once, twice, by eager lips that seemed to leave a print of fire. Mistress Margaret felt herself flushing all over face and neck. The fearless young girl was now afraid to look up, to meet his eyes again, but she forced herself to one short, shy glance, and immediately the question thundered in her brain, "If this be only courtesy, what then is love?" She heard his voice speaking to her grandfather, but did not understand what he said, for the very realising of his presence seemed enough for her whole being; a power, sweet yet terrible, held body and soul.

Now, after some ceremonious phrases, Sir William and Lord Marlowe sat down opposite each other, while Margaret stood by her grandfather's chair with her hand on his shoulder; for some mysterious reason the close neighbourhood of that faithful old love seemed the one safe place.

These three were not alone. Alice Tilney, staring and laughing uneasily, and Dame Kate, the old nurse in a great hood, stood behind Margaret in the shadow; and on the other side, the dark and pale face of Antonio, with his inscrutable smile, far handsomer than the Englishman, though lacking his distinction and attractiveness, hovered like a ghost behind Lord Marlowe's chair. The servants

passed out one by one, leaving the end of the room in twilight; the fire crackled and flamed, but neither it nor the two high candles were enough to light the large vaulted space. Only that central group of three, between the table and the fire, were very clearly to be seen.

Sir William talked with great satisfaction, and Lord Marlowe listened, with eyes no longer bent upon Margaret; for he was a gentleman, and would neither embarrass a lady nor neglect a venerable host. In the ears of all present Sir William talked of his will, and of the contents of the letter he had sent to Lady Marlowe. It seemed an immense relief to him to speak of all this to the person authorised to hear, whom it really concerned, for this same Harry Marlowe was one of his executors.

As he talked of his anxious wish to leave Margaret in safe and friendly keeping, Lord Marlowe kept his eyes bent upon the ground. He hardly looked up when he said: "But you will live long, Sir. You surely do not wish to part with Mistress Margaret before it is necessary? You do not wish to commit her now to my mother's care? From your letter, my Lady thought that was the case, but I cannot believe it."

"Fore God, I hardly know what I wish," said the Knight with a laugh. "I want her safe from knaves, and 'tis only fools that surround me. Your co-executors, my Lord, are as honest men as you will find south of the Trent; one of them is a saint, indeed, and the other two have wits enough to furnish four, but for all that they are senseless fools, swallowing every grain of gossip. And were I to die all of a sudden, as the apothecary warns me I likely shall, why, I could hardly trust these fellows to watch over Margaret till your mother was pleased to send for her. They

are most likely to let a certain knave step in and carry her off, just because he is a good Lancastrian, his only merit,—ay, Mistress Alice, I know you are behind there, but a man may be on the right side and yet on the wrong—a Lancastrian and a brigand, eh?"

There was a short silence, for the Knight's words might well be hard to understand.

"Do I follow you, Sir?" Lord Marlowe asked.

He lifted his eyes slowly, and there was an angry line across his brow. Almost as if against his will, he found himself looking at Margaret, not at her grandfather, and for a moment the girl met steadily those wonderful eyes, full of light from a world she did not know. Then apparently Harry forgot what he was going to say, forgot a momentary vexation at the hint that some country fools did not believe in the loyalty of his family, and would step in, if they could, between Margaret and the guardians her grandfather had chosen. He spoke no more, but fell into a dream. Sir William stared at him curiously. "You, then, my Lord, are the person with authority, whom I begged her Ladyship to send here to me?"

"I am her envoy, no doubt," Lord Marlowe answered. "As to my message, my mission, we are not alone, and I—"

"You are tired and wet, I ask your pardon for forgetting it," said Sir William graciously, raising himself in his chair. "Tony, show his Lordship to the guest-chamber,—tell them to bring wine and meat; you are overwrought, my Lord, you have ridden far. In the meanwhile, did I not hear something of letters from my Lady Marlowe?"

"Ah, — letters, — pardon me!" Harry's fingers wandered to his pouch, but did not open it. He rose suddenly

to his feet and made a step towards Sir William. "You see me, sir," he went on, eagerly, "your old friend's son. Think of me so, I beseech you, and not as the step-son of my Lady Marlowe. Let me stand alone; and now, let us be alone, Sir William."

A watchful look came into the old Knight's eyes. The movement and the words, both eccentric, the dreamy manner, as of a man walking in his sleep—all this suggested a chilly fear that the parson might have been right after all, that Lord Marlowe's mind was not quite evenly balanced. Sir William looked beyond his strange guest and met the eyes of Antonio, who stooped forward into the light, his lips moving, and shook his head warningly.

"We are alone, my Lord, to all intents and purposes," Sir William said, with dignity. "My granddaughter is here, the person most concerned,—you cannot, I think, have that to say which she may not hear—her old nurse, her trusted friend Mistress Tilney, and my secretary, who is to me as a son. Say what you please, my Lord."

"Good! then I must repeat my task without question," Harry answered very gravely, looking on the floor. "My step-mother, after debating how she could best carry out your wishes, instructed me to ask Mistress Margaret Roden's hand in marriage for my—"

"Yourself, my Lord!"

Where did the words come from? They were spoken in a loud, strained whisper, which whistled on the air and almost echoed round the room. Every one started, and looked at someone else,—every one, except Lord Marlowe. He stopped short for a moment, then ended his sentence with the word, "Myself!"

The sensation in the room was extraordinary; the very silence

thrilled with astonishment. Sir William opened his blue eyes wide, his mouth gaping in the depths of his snowy beard. Antonio shook his head again, smiling more intensely ; it seemed, indeed, as if he checked a laugh with difficulty. Alice Tilney frowned, the picture of consternation. As to the two persons most concerned, they looked at each other across the glowing space that separated them. Margaret was trembling ; the wonder of it all held her breathless, but the fear in her eyes had given place to a wild, incredulous joy. Could it be that this knight, this hero, was actually asking for her hand,—Meg Roden, so young, so foolish, so ignorant ? How had it come about ? There was some mystery in it. However, so it was, and now Lord Marlowe's eyes, eager and adoring, were repeating the wonderful request to hers that met them so sweetly. Whether that strange whisper, coming no one knew whence, had been a fresh command or a bold guess at his intention, it had hit the mark ; he now, at least, meant to ask and to have. After a moment's delay he repeated more loudly, though with a slight tremulousness, the word "Myself."

Then he made a step nearer Sir William, and bowed twice to him and to Margaret, who still stood with one hand on the old man's shoulder. It was plain that he expected his answer on the spot.

"You do us great honour, my Lord," the Knight began, stammering a little in his surprise. "'Tis sudden, though—and yet, Harry Marlowe, the son of my old brother-in-arms, is the man I should have chosen out of all England—so my Lady guessed, I suppose. But, pardon me, 'tis sudden, my Lord."

"Sir, I am on my way to join the Queen," Lord Marlowe said. "There

is no time for delays and circumventions ; a soldier must snatch at his own life as he can, and you know it, no man better, Sir William. Let me hear from Mistress Margaret's own sweet lips that she does not hate me ; then give me my wife to-morrow, and the next morning shall see me on my way. My mother shall fetch my wife home to Swanlea, either in person or by a trusty escort. You are satisfied, Sir William ?"

He came nearer, bent on one knee close to the old Knight's chair, held up his hand imploringly to Margaret, who instantly laid hers in it, for with him, it seemed, to ask was to command. Yet his manner was gentleness itself, the manner of a man never brutal, but always victorious.

"Good Lord ! Madder than the maddest !" Antonio muttered in the background ; but the smile died from his red lips and he turned a little pale. For the madman seemed likely to have his crazy way.

Old Sir William made an impatient movement. "Hear you, my Lord ? You are too sudden," he said. "Do you think my granddaughter can be married off like a beggar in a ditch ? There shall be no such haste, I tell you. Why, five minutes ago, you could not believe that I wished to part with her at all. Your courtship has gained in pace amazingly. And you forget, Sir ; you have not yet handed me my Lady Marlowe's letters."

Harry started up, smiling, and with a quick touch of the lips releasing the young hand he held. "You have the best of me, Sir, and I ask your pardon," he said. "Letters, yes ; but what are pen and ink but inventions of the devil for confusing men's minds ? As to these letters, which are indeed addressed to you and to this fair lady, they are needless now. I am my own ambassador."

He looked with a queer smile at the packet in his hand, stepped across the floor and dropped it straight into the reddest heart of the fire.

"I see it. I thought as much," Antonio muttered. "Ay, my Lord,— 'too good for the Popinjay'!"

As the letters flamed, carrying their secret in smoke up the chimney, Harry Marlowe turned on the hearth, bold, graceful, laughing, to face the frowning brow and angry puzzled eyes of the old man in the chair.

But a great noise which had been growing for some minutes before, now stormed the shallow staircase and poured into the room. A crowd of Christmas mummers masked and in antic dresses, St. George, the Dragon, and the rest, with loud shouts and songs and clatter of halberds and tin swords, prancing round in their time-honoured, privileged revels, effectually interrupted my Lord Marlowe's love-making.

CHAPTER III.

MISTRESS MARGARET RODEN was walking home from church, which may sound like a tame statement, but is far from being so.

It was in the narrow street of Ruddiford, heaped with snow, and the time was between one and two in the morning. The sky was dark, no moon or stars visible, and a few large flakes of fresh snow had lately begun to fall, slowly, dreamily, as if they knew there was yet a long winter during which they might be multiplied a million times and work their will. But the street was lit up fitfully with the blaze of torches, the steadier flame of lanthorns, and all the population of small townspeople were abroad, with a mixture of fierce-looking men from the surrounding country. Most of them had been in the church, whose mighty sandstone

walls and tower soared into silence and black night, while the shadowy interior was lit up with many wax candles, more than one altar glowing like a shrine. The midnight mass of Christmas Eve was just over. Nearly all the congregation had tramped out before Mistress Margaret left her pew and followed them through the great porch and down the stone-paved way into the street, attended closely by her nurse and Alice Tilney, and followed by two armed servants in the yellow Roden livery. There was a good deal of noise in the street, for the Christmas mummers and revellers were still abroad and the ale-shops were open; but no one was likely to molest the girl for whom most of Ruddiford would have laid down its life. Along the winding street that led to one of the castle gates, where the low thatched roofs beetled over the way, Christmas greetings waited for her at every corner, and she might well have returned, safely and without interruption, to her grandfather.

But there was a spirit of unrest abroad, and Mistress Meg had her full share, both within and without, of his company. The first adventure arrived not far from the shadow of the church-porch, from which several young men, muffled in cloaks over their short coats of leather and iron, followed her and her party down the street. The foremost of them put out a hand suddenly from the darkness and clutched Alice Tilney by the shoulder. She started, but did not scream, and indeed laughed a little, though nervously, as she lingered behind with this strange companion. The old nurse looked round with an angry exclamation; the two men-servants, grinning, seemed to wait for orders, and the nurse, hurrying forward, spoke to her mistress.

"Meg, my child," she said, "that

godless dog Jasper Tilney, with his Fellowship, has stopped Alice from following you. Shall the men bring her on?"

Meg answered impatiently, and without turning her head: "Nay, Nurse, leave her alone. No, what am I saying! Let them wait upon her. You and I need no guard."

The old woman turned to the servants with a queer grimace. "Stop you behind, Giles and John. Walk after Mistress Tilney, when her worshipful brother has done with her."

Then she hobbled forward in a great hurry, for her mistress's young limbs seemed likely to outstrip her.

In truth, Margaret moved along in a state of such excitement that she hardly knew what she said or did. Even in church it had been impossible to keep her thoughts where she knew they ought to be, where, as a good Christian girl, well taught by Sir Thomas the Vicar, they generally dwelt without difficulty. The child was horrified, when she remembered to be so, at the knowledge that a personage had stepped in between her God and her. A man's face came between her and the Holy Cradle she had helped to decorate. This was so great a fact that it could not be altered by any will of hers, but it made her conscience uneasy. It must be confessed, however, that she had a greater anxiety still. How would all this end? In the nature of things it might have seemed certain that her grandfather would have accepted for her, joyful and honoured, Lord Marlowe's offer of his hand. But Margaret, though only half understanding the circumstances, saw for herself that the way was not smooth. Sir William was not quite ready to open his arms to this new grandson. He had been glad of the interruption by the mummers, and when they were gone, he had refused

to listen to a word more from Lord Marlowe, sending him away at once to rest and refresh himself after his journey. And when Meg had stolen round and looked in his face to see what he would say to her, he had turned his head away and waved her back with an impatient word. "Get you gone, child. No more to-night; you shall have my commands in the morning."

As Meg left the room, she was aware of words and smiles exchanged between Alice Tilney and Antonio. When they saw her look, they moved asunder, and she was too proud to speak to Alice on the subject. But she presently said to her old nurse, "What does it all mean?"

"Well, baby," the old woman answered caressingly, "this lord is a fine man, but they say he's crazy. That's the talk, my dear; and sure there's something about him mighty strange. He is not like the rest of us, and if you are wise, you will not listen to all he says, my girl."

"Not like the rest of you? No, that is true! And therefore crazy?" said Meg, and moved on smiling. Surely her grandfather ought to be above these foolish servants' fancies. They had never seen anything like him, therefore he must be mad. A clever argument, truly! Was he mad because he wished to marry her to-morrow? Well,—and Meg laid her cold hands against her hot cheeks, and determined for a moment to think of him no more. But she went on thinking of him, to the exclusion of every other thought, and now, as she paced the familiar old street on Christmas morning, the feeling that he must be somewhere very near kept her watching every turn, every corner, every shadow of gable or wall. She had not seen him in the church, but felt sure he had been there, like all other good men in Christendom.

And thus it did not astonish her to look up suddenly and see him walking by her side.

The church bells were clanging and clashing, but the rest of the noise they were leaving behind, and the place was lonely, for most of the castle people had already gone on, across the bridge that generally stood lowered over the deep narrow ditch, and under the low archway where the gate was set open. The water was frozen, the snow lay heaped against the ramparts and along a dark lane that ran at the back of some houses on the near side of the ditch, skirting it as far as the principal gateway, which commanded the west side of the town and the long bridge.

"Now, good Mistress Nurse," said Lord Marlowe, "go home to your bed and leave my fair lady to me."

"Not I, my Lord," replied Dame Kate promptly with a chuckle. "Your Lordship had best go your own way and leave us to go ours."

"What, may I not wish you a Merry Christmas?" said Harry.

The old woman could not see well in the dark,—it was dark here, except for the glimmer of the snow—and truly she did not know what happened, or how her mistress was snatched from her side and borne away suddenly out of sight. Margaret herself, in the magnetism of Harry's presence, hardly realised that he had lifted her easily, tall girl as she was, from the snowy ground, and had carried her some yards down the dark lane by the ditch, till, stopping out of sight of the street and the castle gate, he set her down on the low wall or course of large stones that divided the lane from the water. To make a dry place for her feet, he brushed the snow away from this parapet, and then, holding her hand and dress, stood looking up into the face now lifted above his own in the dimness.

"Forgive me, my angel! I had to speak," he said.

"Oh, my Lord, what are you doing?" Margaret murmured.

"It is of you I would ask," said Harry, "what are *you* doing? Why did you say that to me? God knows I'm happy to find myself at your feet,—I ask nothing better—but think what you have done! A man worn out, double your age, a soldier, the Queen's man, so bound to her service that I should have neither time nor strength nor heart for any other; and yet you call me to love you, sweet,—why?"

Margaret trembled from head to foot. "I do not understand you," she said, under her breath. "It,—it was no doing of mine. What have I said? You came,—you brought the letters—"

She stopped short, for the world seemed whirling round her. Harry felt that she was trembling, and held her more firmly.

"You are not afraid of me," he said, "and if you are cold, sweetheart, I will not keep you long. What did you say, you ask? While my step-mother's message was on my tongue, you changed the very word I was speaking. You bid me put myself in the place of my brother. Can you deny it?"

The girl was too bewildered to speak.

"Have you so soon forgotten?" he went on gently. "You said,—in a whisper, 'tis true, but I heard it well enough—'Yourself, my Lord.' Could a man fail to answer such a challenge from such lips, Mistress Margaret? I looked at you, and you smiled. I read in your eyes that I was right, that I had gained your favour and the prize might be mine. What wonder that I fell under such a temptation? The rest,—I do not believe they even heard you. None

of them knew what happened. It was what it may remain,—a secret between you and me."

"Ah! Why did you tell me?" the girl murmured. "It was not, then,—it was not what you meant—and Lady Marlowe—"

"My Lady offered you the best match in her power, for your grandfather's sake and for reasons of her own. She offered you her own young son, my brother Richard. As for me, I was out of the question. Who should dream that an old fellow like Harry Marlowe should wish to marry,—the Queen's man, hers only till now, and with troubles behind him and before? So I came gaily to plead young Dick's cause. When I saw you at the window, my heart misgave me as to this mission of mine. When you spoke, taking captive the very words on my lips, I was conquered, and became a traitor. But poor Dick has not seen you, and I shall soon make my peace with my Lady. She has twitted me with my solitary ways, many a time. If I have at last seen the lady of my heart, who shall say me nay?"

"But why did you tell me?" Meg said more loudly, and her hand rested heavily on his shoulder.

Looking up in the darkness at the pale face just above him, he answered, his deep voice a little uncertain: "I believed that you partly knew already,—and then, sweetheart, I half repented me of what I had done. Even now, if you command, it is not too late. Now that you know all, take your choice between us. Dick is a handsome lad; his mother has cockered him, but he is a bold fellow for all that,—a better mate for you, Mistress Margaret, than this Harry of yours, with the freshness of your own age, and a whole life to give to you instead of half a one."

Meg thrilled as he spoke. "This Harry of mine!" she said, so low that ears a yard away would not have caught it.

"Ah! Then stoop your face to me, Meg!" he said, and caught her to his breast.

As she lay there, she presently found breath to whisper, "But I never said it!"

"What!" he cried, starting. "You never said, 'Yourself, my Lord'!"

"Surely not! How should I have been so bold, so unwomanly!"

"Then who said it, if not you? Did you hear it?"

"Yes,—I believe so—but I cannot tell where it came from."

"The Devil!" said Harry Marlowe, thoughtfully.

"No,—my guardian angel!" she softly replied to him.

A pair of lovers in a lane!—though the lovers were ill-matched, at least in age, and though the lane was not grassy and sweet, with oak-trees shading it and wild roses waving over it, but a dark, ditch-like way filled with snow, evil-smelling, bounded by black towering walls and the half-ruinous backs of poor and grimy houses. It was all the same to Lord Marlowe and his love. Meg might have known him always, loved him always, such were the peace and trust with which she rested in his arms, warm in the bitter cold of that Christmas morning,—yet it was not twelve hours since they first met. If the saw be true, *Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing*, Harry and his Meg should have been in bliss for evermore. But to outside eyes that lacked understanding, this adventure was proving my Lord without question mad. Was this the way that noble ladies were sought and won? Good and evil were ready for once to join in opposition to this wild autocrat of a lover.

Faces began to peer from black alleys between the houses, a glimmer of cautious lanterns pierced the darkness. Two parties were approaching, with noiseless feet on the snow. One came up from the street, where Dame Kate, crying and wringing her hands, had drawn together both townspeople and those of the castle who heard her complaints. Among these was Antonio, who hurried down, eager yet prudent, ready to take command yet very conscious that this crazy lord might not be good to approach. However, it was quite certain that he could not be allowed to carry off Mistress Margaret Roden as though she were a peasant-lass who had taken his fancy. Who would dare tell Sir William? And even now he was waiting to see his granddaughter on her return from the midnight mass.

The little group was joined by those two worthy men, Simon and Timothy Toste, whose house was not far from the town-gate of the castle. Then Alice Tilney hurried up, flushed and frightened, having somehow missed the servants, and hoping to overtake Margaret before she went with Christmas greetings to her grandfather. Alice screamed, wringing her hands as wildly as the nurse herself, and was going to rush alone in pursuit of her lady, but a word from Antonio brought her back.

"Patience, Mistress Alice, you will make a scandal," he said.

"What! and leave Mistress Meg in the hands of a madman?" Alice cried. "Scandal! 'Tis made already. He went that way, Nurse! Why, he may have carried her away into the forest. He's raving mad, and you know it, Antonio; Sir William knows it too. To see him burn those letters! On my life, you are a coward, if you will not follow me and rescue her!"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders. "My Lord is a fine swordsman," he said; and little Simon Toste, his smiling face quite pale and drawn, stepped forward with Timothy at his elbow.

"Therefore unarmed men are the fittest to deal with him," he said with dignity. "Stand back, young people. My brother and I will follow Mistress Margaret down the lane. Come, Timothy, you have your lantern. Notice, friends, the effect of Sir William's obstinacy. He would not listen to our worthy Vicar, who warned him to avoid these same Marlowes like the pestilence. Ay, Nurse, come along with us, and you too, Mistress Tilney, if you will. You are better out of the way, Master Antony. Moral measures are best, and you might whip out a weapon, with all the respect you have for his Lordship's sword."

Antonio showed his teeth; but the little apothecary's malice was not worth resenting. "Moral fiddlesticks!" he muttered. "If my Lord will give her up to you pompous pair of asses, he is idiot as well as madman." Then he gave the low whistle that always brought Alice Tilney to his side. "Let them go," he whispered. "We'll do better"; and he kept her standing still a moment, while the two worthies and Dame Kate, with a few gaping hangers-on from street and castle gateway, hurried away along the lane.

Alice came very close to the Italian. He took her two hands and squeezed them hard, till she winced with the pain. His face looked very white and his eyes shone in the darkness. "Where is Jasper?" he said.

"Not far off. I left him this moment, swearing to stop the marriage, by fair means or foul."

"Any with him?"

"Four or five."

"Go back to him. Tell him to take the other street, and fall upon them from behind. He will understand; a madman ought not to be at large."

"Tonio,—I fear—he might kill my Lord, and carry her away!" The words were breathed in Antonio's ear, as if the girl was afraid to speak them.

"Ah! He will not touch him till we have her safe, or else my dagger shall find his heart, Alice. I shall be there."

"He will not take orders from you. Tonio, how angry he would be! But you are cold and cruel sometimes. I could even fancy—"

"Get you gone with your fancies! Is this a time for kissing, little fool? There, if you will have it,—now be gone!"

"But you are so cold," Alice murmured, as she ran laughing away.

Antonio waited a moment, listening, then stole with light feet down the lane.

Harry Marlowe and his young love had lost count of time and consciousness of place; there, standing together in the snow, they vowed between kisses never again to be parted. Perhaps for any sober, ordinary English lass of gentle birth, hedged in, as such usually were, by all kinds of stiff restrictions, the passion of so wild and romantic a lover would have meant as much fear as joy. But Margaret was a child of the South: the sun of Venice had warmed the blood of her ancestors; and the girl who owed her stately young dignity to English training had a nature of Italian fire underneath, which the foreign life and habits of her English father had done little or nothing to nullify. Thus the world of new feeling into which Harry Marlowe brought his suddenly-

chosen bride was to her even more beautiful than amazing. Her passion was ready to rise to the height of his own; she was his, without an afterthought; even conscience had ceased to trouble her now. They knew and agreed that the golden moment, when she leaned radiant from the castle window to watch him riding wearily across the bridge, was the supreme moment that decided all their future lives.

And yet Margaret Roden was no fool. She knew, and told herself plainly, that in some indescribable way this Harry of hers was different from other men. And she had not forgotten old Kate's words,—*"a fine man, but they say he's crazy."* If there was anything in the absurd accusation, she could only add: *"Then give me a crazy lover, for I might not feel this trust and safety with any reasonable man. And if he's crazy, why, he wants my love the more, for he must be unhappy, and I'll comfort him. In his senses or out of them, I am yours and you are mine, Harry!"*

They had now agreed that Sir William must be persuaded to consent to an immediate marriage,—it would not be very hard, Meg thought, knowing her grandfather—and then, she was very sure that Harry should not leave her behind, for she was not afraid of a long journey on horseback, and she would ride with him to join the Queen.

"Nay, nay, love," he murmured, "you will be safer at my house. There may be hardships on the road, and then—"

"But I want to see the Queen; you know she is my godmother, she gave me my name. She will be glad to have two servants instead of one. If you are her man, I will be her woman, and we will both fight and work for her; will we not, Harry? No, indeed, you shall not leave me behind.

You would have to tell her Highness, and she would be angry, I know."

Harry laughed to himself. "Angry! Trust a child for guessing right!" he muttered, and then he pretended to be stern, and told Meg that his wife must obey him.

"In everything, except in living without you," she said. "But forsooth, if you mean to leave me behind, I will not marry you."

"Forsooth, will you not, fair lady?" and the argument had to end in kisses.

Suddenly Meg tried to escape from the arms that held her, but they only tightened their grasp, till the stealing

lights came nearer, and the faces peered through the dimness, and the low chatter of well-known voices reminded her of the world she had forgotten.

"Do not shame me before these good people," she said imploringly in her lover's ear.

So, when Simon and Timothy, two quaint black figures in high hats, and Kate the nurse, and a few townspeople in the rear, paced up reproachfully to these lovers in the lane, they were received by a gentleman and lady with mild surprise and perfect dignity.

(To be continued.)

FROM CHEMULPO TO SEOUL.

A MINGLING of East and West, of Oriental phlegm and European progress,—the Land of the Morning Calm or the Realm of Dawning Civilisation? Which shall more fittingly describe Corea? Omniscient European journalists entitle it the Hermit Kingdom, where electric cars flash through the streets of Seoul and an excellent railway brings the traveller in comfort from the seaport of Chemulpo to the capital. The day of isolation, of sluggish apathy in the face of modern progress, is past for Corea. Already Japanese engineers—mark the nationality!—are busy on a railway projected from Seoul right across the kingdom to Fusan, a tiny seaport nestling beside a splendid natural harbour on the south-east coast. The electric light, already installed in the palace, is finding its way into the streets of the capital; and through a city as quaint and old-world as Peking itself electric tram-cars run everywhere.

These changes are certainly of very recent date and owe their origin to the King's love of novelty rather than to any far-sighted policy. A late Minister to Washington, on his return to Corea, informed his monarch of the marvels he had seen in the strange land of America. Lights that burned not; carriages that ran without the aid of horses; magic wires which enabled friends, far separated, to hear the sound of each other's familiar voices,—all this appealed to the wonder-loving ruler of the Hermit Kingdom. He made this ex-Minister Governor of Seoul and bade him arrange with his foreign

friends to bring these marvels within the monarch's ken. An American company built the railway to the capital. An American engineer installed the electric light in the royal palace,—and strange are the tales he can tell of what he saw there! In other respects the country still remains sunk in semi-barbarism. Tyrannical officials still cruelly oppress the lower classes; manufactures and trade still remain altogether in the hands of the foreigner; but the thin edge of the wedge has been introduced. Corea will not go back; Japan will see to that.

I was on my way to Japan from North China. An opportunity offered of making a voyage in a steamer of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (the excellent Japanese Mailship Company) from Taku to Newchwang in Manchuria, thence to Chifu in North China, then back across the Gulf of Pe-chi-li to Corea and along its coast, touching at Chemulpo and Fusan. Such a chance was not to be lost. Japan is in these days as common as Egypt. The fabled city of Peking was as well known to the officers of the Allied Armies as London, Paris, or Berlin. Corea alone remained, comparatively, a *terra incognita*. At Tientsin, barely two days' steam from it, no one seemed aware that such a thing as a railway existed in the Hermit Kingdom. At the British Consul-General's office there, when seeking to learn if it were possible to march overland through Corea from Chemulpo on the west to Gensan, or Wensan, on the east coast, I was informed that they knew little or

nothing about that country. This promised well; even in these days of widespread civilisation, I was at last to catch a glimpse of a still barbarous and unprogressive land. The sole thing that troubled me about it was that our steamer was to stop only two days at Chemulpo; and I wanted to visit Seoul, which is forty miles inland. How in forty-eight hours was I to manage to go to the capital and return? I knew nothing of the existence of a railway; and I came to the conclusion that I must secure ponies at Chemulpo and ride.

But, to my surprise, on going on board the comfortable little Japanese steamer, *GENKAI MARU*, at Taku, I found in the saloon a time-table of the Seoul-Chemulpo railway, which showed that trains ran to the capital every two hours during the day, taking about an hour and a quarter over the journey. It was a relief to learn that a railway existed; but of course, I thought, it could only be a dilapidated, ramshackle concern, and one would be jolted in wretched carriages over a badly-laid line. Still that would be better than riding eighty miles on rough Korean ponies. To add to my astonishment there were advertisements, also hung up in the saloon, of two hotels in Seoul. One, kept by an Englishman, was called the Station Hotel and claimed among its attractions the advantage of being "far from the blare of military display." The rival establishment was evidently French and bore the name *Hôtel du Palais*. Railways and hotels! Corea did not seem quite so benighted as I had thought.

Newchwang and Chifu visited, our steamer headed for Chemulpo. The entrance to the harbour lies through a bewildering maze of countless islets, far more wonderful and picturesque than the much lauded archipelago of

the Inland Sea of Japan. In between these innumerable islands large and small, our vessel threaded her way, and my respect for her officers (all Japanese) rose high when I saw how skilfully they brought her through the tortuous channel on a dark night with never a beacon light to guide them. The large steamers of the Japanese-owned lines which ply to Europe, America, and Australia have to be provided with white commanders, officers, and chief engineers, as European passengers fear to trust their lives to a purely native ship's company. Yet the navigation of the Chinese, Korean, Siberian, and Japanese coasts, in these narrow typhoon-scourged seas, calls for far more skill than is required to take a ship along the broad, well-defined ocean routes; and all the steamers which ply from Taku and Vladivostok to Nagasaki and Yokohama are commanded by Japanese officers.

Soon after daybreak I was on deck to catch the first glimpse of Chemulpo. In and out through the narrow passages our vessel swung. Here, on one hand, lay a long, hilly island, its steep slopes clad with grass, the white beach fringed with foam. On the other a cluster of gigantic rocks rose sheer and threatening from the sea, their black sides glistening with the spray flung up by the waves which rolled heavily against them, only to be hurled back in masses of broken water. Suddenly the *GENKAI MARU* doubled a bluff, rocky shoulder, and ahead of us lay the mainland.

On the face of a long, undulating hill stood the city, the houses climbing up the steep side to the summit. No mere cluster of Eastern hovels is Chemulpo. Near the sea tall factory chimneys rose up above European-like buildings. Long, regular streets of well-built houses ascended the hill. Here and there in spacious grounds

stood stone villas with slated roofs. Along the sea-front a wide road ran by a substantial quay and stone piers. For Chemulpo is a prosperous port, with many European and Japanese merchants, and a large colony of the enterprising subjects of the Mikado. Only the lower classes work in Corea, and commerce is left to the foreigner. To right and left of the city were lines of hills, running back as far as the eye could reach. The foreshore extends well out, and at low tide a large stretch of mud is uncovered; so the steamers at anchor lay well away from the town, protected by the hills of islands and mainland.

As the GENKAI MARU brought up, she was surrounded by a flotilla of *sampans*,—long, shallow boats with square sterns and prows tapering to a point. They were worked by brawny, muscular Coreans, who stood facing the bows and pushed, not pulled, their oars. My fellow-passengers consisted of several British and German military officers and a few Americans. We all went ashore promptly, our boatmen working with an energy that I have never seen equalled by their kind anywhere else. Brought in alongside a sloping stone landing-place, up which we walked, we passed a few custom-house officials, who took no notice of us. The road ran by the quay round the harbour, leading on the left to the railway-station, a few hundred yards away. Above us was a low hill, crowned by a European villa, the residence of a foreign consul or merchant.

As we gained the quay, a crowd of loitering Coreans watched us with indolent curiosity. They were mostly clad in white cotton; the coolies, bare-headed or with large, queer-shaped straw hats, wore short jackets, baggy knickerbockers, and bandages like putties on their legs. The men of a better class had long, voluminous

cotton coats, which reached almost to the ankles and stood out from the hips with the fulness of skirts. Opening towards the neck and showing other white cotton garments underneath, these coats were confined under the arm-pits by a cord passing round the body and tied in front, hanging down in two long tassels. The head-gear of the more respectable Coreans was exceedingly curious. A mitre-shaped skull-cap of black gauze, about five inches high, rested on the head, fitting closely around the temples and forehead. On this was placed, so that it stood several inches above the wearer's hair, a tall, round, broad-brimmed hat of the same black gauze, stiffened with bamboo fibres; in shape it resembled the head-gear usually worn by the comic Frenchman of the London stage. Below the long coats appeared trousers. Some of the labourers and the lower-class children wore dark-coloured padded garments; but white cotton was the general rule. Along the quay trudged coolies, carrying their loads fixed in a curious contrivance on their backs. Two forked sticks were bound vertically to their shoulders, just long enough to allow the lower ends to rest on the ground when the carrier sat down, thus supporting the weight of the burden. In the forks was fastened a basket made of matting, in which the loads were placed. Its upper corners stood out from the shoulders at angles which at a distance gave to the bearers the appearance of having wings.

As the morning was now too far advanced to make it advisable to visit Seoul that day, we determined to devote the afternoon to an inspection of Chemulpo and reserve the capital for the morrow. To make sure about the trains, we first directed our steps to the railway-station. This was not an imposing structure. On

one platform was a plain, substantial stone building containing the booking-offices, waiting-rooms, and a not particularly luxurious refreshment-room. The attendants, as well as the railway clerks, were Japanese. On the other platform stood a small waiting-room; and further down was a long, high engine-shed with galvanised iron roof. Having learned all that we wanted to know, we retraced our steps along the quay and entered the town.

The business part of Chemulpo consists of a mixture of European and Japanese buildings, most of the shops being kept by the enterprising colonists from the neighbouring Island Empire. From the sea-shore rise the tall chimneys of factories. We climbed a steep street running up the face of the hill on which the town is built. The houses on either side, with the exception of the European business offices, were rarely more than one storey high, the most substantial buildings being a bank, the Daibutsu Hotel, and the residences of the foreigners. The street ended near the top of the hill, and we found ourselves among the gardens and well-built houses of the consuls and white merchants, some of whom we passed hard at work on a lawn-tennis ground. From the summit a spacious view lay around us. On the side furthest from the town stretched a bare plain dotted with a few villages, their tiny, flat-roofed hovels crowded together. Beyond was an interminable vista of hills, barren and treeless for the most part. Along the coast winding inlets pushed there way into the land, and islands lay in profusion on the sparkling sea.

Descending again into the town we roamed through the streets, our interest divided between the quaint attire of the people and the strong contrast of their buildings. Here was a queer

little Japanese wooden house, the ground floor a shop, the front of the upper part closed with sliding paper screens. Next to it was a Chinese eating-house, boasting all the strange and repulsive forms of food in which the Celestial delights. Then came a drinking-saloon, its shelves crowded with bottles of Japanese beer, and over the door a sign-board bearing the inscription in English *Billiard-room within*. Beside it stood a substantially-built brick house, the offices of some European firm. Nor were the types of humanity which thronged the streets less curious or interesting. Towards us, toddling along on their high wooden sandals, came a laughing, chattering group of Japanese women in grey or blue *kimonos*, their oiled hair twisted into fantastic shapes and bristling with lacquered combs, flowers, and brightly-tasselled hair-pins. Behind them walked a couple of Chinamen, moving silently along with felt-soled shoes.

The dress of the Korean women is very quaint. Long, voluminous white cotton dresses reaching to the ankle show baggy trousers underneath, which, ending at slippers with upturned toes, give them somewhat the appearance of Turkish women. Over their head is thrown a long cloak, generally green, fastened under the neck, the sleeves, through which the arms are never passed, hanging down over the shoulders. By this cloak hangs a tale, historical and interesting. Once upon a time a king of Corea invited the officers of his army to a banquet in the palace at Seoul, in complete ignorance that a military conspiracy, aimed at his throne and life, was afoot. The conspirators, who were among the guests, resolved to seize their opportunity to murder the king during the progress of the banquet. On entering the palace, the officers deposited their

large military cloaks in an ante-chamber and took their places in the hall where the feast was spread, waiting only a signal to fall on and slay their host. But a number of the women of Seoul had become acquainted with the conspiracy. Loyal to their monarch and unable to warn him in time, they went in a body to the palace, and gained admittance into the ante-chamber. Seizing the officers' cloaks they entered the banqueting-hall unobserved; some, stealing noiselessly up behind the officers as they sat at the feast, flung the cloaks over their heads and pinioned them in the folds, while others ran to the bewildered king, hurriedly warned him of the plot, and spirited him safely away before the baffled conspirators could release themselves from the grasp of their brave captors. In token of his gratitude to his loyal female subjects, the king decreed that in future the Korean women should wear the military cloak, thrown over their heads, as a mark of honour.

A little further down the street we came upon three Korean soldiers. The army has recently been reorganised by the Japanese, on whose troops it is modelled in dress and equipment. These men, the first Korean warriors we had seen, were small and friendly-looking. They were dressed in dark blue serge tunics and trousers, or knickerbockers with leg-bandages, and wore *képis*, or small shakoes, with a brass ornament in front, similar to the chrysanthemum of the Japanese troops. One had a modern, breech-loading rifle, and carried a number of small cardboard boxes and packages slung on his back and tied there by handkerchiefs in knapsack fashion. The others were armed with nothing deadlier than a fan. As they stopped to gaze at us in cheerful curiosity,

I walked up to them and intimated by gestures my desire to photograph them. They smilingly assented and posed themselves readily. The Korean, it should be observed, has not the same objection to having his portrait taken which characterises the Chinaman; even in Hong Kong and Macao I have seen 'ricksha coolies vehemently protest against the indignity and cover their faces with their hands, rather than be exposed to the evil eye of the devil-machine, as they consider the camera. But our military friends seemed quite flattered, and stood patiently while I took their portraits.

In Chemulpo, as elsewhere throughout the country, the money chiefly in use, and most in favour, is Japanese. The coinage of the kingdom is so debased that one *yen* (or Japanese dollar, worth about two shillings) is equal to one dollar forty cents Korean. Indeed the national money is frequently refused and payment demanded in foreign silver; even good British Hong Kong dollars will not be accepted, unless by the Chinese residents. I entered a Japanese photographer's shop and endeavoured to buy some views of the country with these coins; but my *kimono*-clad friend absolutely refused them. He proved equally obdurate when offered Korean money, and I could purchase nothing.

On the following day we went ashore early in the morning and proceeded to the railway-station to catch the first train to the capital. Here the monetary difficulty became acute, for the clerks in the booking-office would not accept our Hong Kong dollars. However, we boarded the train without tickets and trusted to luck. Engine-drivers, guards, railway officials of all sorts, were Japanese. The carriages were on the American principle, the difference

between first, second, and third class consisting chiefly in the upholstering of the cars.

The line to Seoul passes first near the sea, over creeks, by mud-flats, round the bases of barren hills, by crowded villages with their flat-roofed, squalid huts where unkempt peasants gazed lethargically at the train. The country soon grows more open. The hills are rounded; the plains, rising in swelling upland covered with long grass, are dotted with patches of ragged firs. There is but little cultivation, though the soil seems fertile enough. Occasionally we passed a house better built than usual, with tiled roof and stone or plastered walls, the residence of some Korean who dared to let it be known that he was not sunk in the depths of poverty. For in this unprogressive land few of its inhabitants may boast of wealth. Let a man show signs of being better off than his neighbours and, like hungry vultures, the corrupt officials will at once swoop down upon him, when fines and imprisonment will soon reduce him to the common level.

The stations along the line are fairly numerous. European in appearance, the contrast between the plain, unromantic stone buildings with ticket-offices and waiting-rooms, all in approved Western style, and the black-hatted, white-robed passengers with flying skirts bustling to catch the train, was forcible.

When the conductor came through the carriages to collect the tickets, we explained that we had none and offered our Chinese dollars in payment of the fare. These he refused and insisted on Japanese *yen*. Eventually he reluctantly accepted one dollar forty cents in Korean money from me for the one dollar fare; but my companions were forced to wait until Seoul was reached, where they could

exchange their Hong Kong silver for more useful coins.

The scenery along the route was on the whole uninteresting. Level plains, swelling uplands, and rounded hills, covered with long coarse grass, clumps of fir-trees and patches of cultivation. The train ran for some distance beside a broad and placid river, beyond which the houses of a town clustered around the foot and up the sides of a small hill. Then, suddenly turning, it crossed the river on a fine iron bridge, ran through stretches of cultivated land, past more hills, and finally stopped at the terminus, which is situated outside the walls of Seoul. The English hotel, which I had seen advertised as "far from the glare of military display," was close to the station. It consisted of a number of small Korean houses in a large courtyard surrounded by a wooden palisade, close under the city walls, within which, and situated on a small eminence, the tower of the British Legation was just visible, rising above the hotel. The energetic English proprietor and his wife had converted the unpromising-looking buildings into very comfortable rooms, the dining-room especially being a bright, cheerful apartment. As some of us had left the steamer too hurriedly for any food that morning, we asked for breakfast, and were soon served with an English meal of excellent bacon and eggs; out of place as it seemed in this distant land, we did ample justice to the home-like fare. Staying at the hotel were several guests, one or two missionaries with their families, a couple of American ladies on their travels, and an English colonel. After breakfast the landlord kindly procured a guide for us, and, engaging 'rickshas, we set off to visit the city.

Seoul is somewhat similar in appearance to Peking. It is surrounded by

high, embrasured walls pierced by tunnel-like gateways surmounted by square or oblong towers with double roofs and wide-spreading, upturned eaves similar to those of the Chinese capital. Indeed, the place is practically a smaller and a cleaner Peking, and the whole land shows unmistakable traces of the Chinese conquest. From the broad main streets, lined with one-storeyed houses bordered by deep, open drains, branch off narrow, evil-smelling lanes and alleys. The buildings, both public and private, are all of the Chinese type of architecture, the tiled roofs and the upturned eaves being strongly reminiscent of the Celestial Kingdom. To our surprise, however, we saw a single line of rails leading out of the gate by which we entered and, as our 'ricksha-coolies ran us along inside the city, an electric tram-car flashed down the street towards us. We stared in astonishment! Here in the capital of the Benighted Land, in slothful, backward Korea, was one of the latest examples of modern progress. The car was small with no seats on the top, and from the sloping roof the slanting trolley-arm ran to the overhead wire. The driver and conductor were Japanese, as are all the employees of the Company. The car was divided into two compartments; and the seats, which ran along the sides, were crowded with Koreans, of both sexes and all classes. The city is covered with a network of tram-lines, over which a regular and frequent service is maintained during the day. On the posts supporting the overhead wires were notices which, so our guide informed us, warned the inhabitants of the city against using the rails as pillows during the night. Strange as it may seem, many cases had occurred where the ignorant townspeople had lain down to sleep on the track, utilising the cool iron

to rest their necks on. While they slumbered the tram had come rushing along in the dark, with the inevitable result that head and body parted company.

Turning off the main street, our 'rickshas rattled down a smaller one running parallel to and near the city wall. In it was situated the Russian Legation, with one of the Czar's soldiers on guard at the gate; further down, on a slight eminence, stood the British Legation. Both these buildings are of European architecture, the latter being surmounted by a square tower crowned by an open gallery with gabled roof. Plunging deeper into the city we came to an open space, on one side of which we saw Seoul's second hostelry, the *Hôtel du Palais*. We now began to understand the meaning of the phrase "blare of military display" in the advertisement of the Station Hotel, as the rival establishment is called; for all round this quarter, in every street, at each gateway, and at every corner, stood double sentries, while guards were continually passing to and fro. The garrison of Seoul consisted, I believe, of about four thousand men; and fully half the number must have been continually employed on sentry-go.

At this square our party separated temporarily. Some went on to pay a visit to the royal palaces and the Queen's tomb; the rest of us, having done enough sight-seeing in Peking and North China generally to last us for the rest of our lives, preferred to wander afoot through the streets and observe the ordinary life of the inhabitants. We gazed with interest at the little soldiers, the long-robed, queer-hatted citizens, or the open-fronted shops, where foods, embroideries, pipes, and many European articles were on sale. We made several purchases, mine including one of the curious gauze Korean hats and

the skull-cap worn beneath it, for which I paid three dollars; but those of the best quality, made of human hair and the finest bamboo, cost as much as one hundred and fifty dollars (nearly £15).

On reaching the main streets we resolved to patronise the tramway and purchased tickets at the small office at one of the stopping-places. A car soon came up and we took our seats. The genial young Japanese conductor spoke a little English and, evidently proud of his accomplishment, entered into conversation with us. Noting the Korean hat which I had just purchased, he said to me, "You have buy?" On my replying in the affirmative he continued, "How much you pay?" I told him, whereupon he burst out laughing. "Oh, you dam fool" he cried and slapped me genially on the back, rather to my astonishment. However, his mirth was contagious, and I joined in the laugh against myself, while our Korean fellow-passengers, though ignorant of the joke, all cackled merrily.

The car shot along through the wide, dingy streets, over small bridges crossing broad drains, and out through the tunnel-like arch of the gate in the city wall into the country beyond. The road narrowed down until the luxuriant foliage of the trees met overhead, and the line ended about a mile from the walls. On our return we left the car at the gate, to take photographs, but we had not reckoned on the insatiable curiosity of the Korean. A crowd speedily gathered; and no sooner was a camera in position than a throng of men, women, and children pressed closely up and strove hard to look in through the lens. Entreaties and curses proving equally unintelligible to the good-humoured mob, at last we employed strategy. One of our number raised

his camera; instantly the throng rushed at him and tried to peer into the strange little box, when I seized my opportunity. Hearing the click, the crowd turned and scurried back to me, when my companion in turn took them. Then, shouldering our way through the laughing mob, intensely amused at their own defeat, we jumped on another tramcar and were rattled back through the city and out by the gate where we had originally entered. From here we walked back to the Station Hotel.

Thus ended our brief glimpse of the capital of Korea. We returned to Chelmulpo, and on the same evening our steamer sailed for Japan. The following day found us in the magnificent natural harbour of Fusan, a land-locked bay surrounded by an amphitheatre of rounded hills. A large fleet could shelter there with ease, and a few forts would make the place impregnable. Its position on the south-east corner of Korea, within a day's steam of Japan, makes it a point of special interest to the Japanese, who would strongly resist its passing into the hands of any powerful and possibly hostile nation. Fusan was the last spot of ground they possessed on Korean soil after their invasion in former times. For centuries they have maintained a small colony in the town, which is, to all intents and purposes, a Japanese settlement. Almost the only steamers which visit the port are the vessels of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha which ply between Taku and Nagasaki or Vladivostok, and Japan, and Japanese engineers are building a railway across Korea from Seoul to Fusan. It would be but natural that the Russians should cast an envious eye on Fusan; and equally natural is it that Japan should object to their establishing themselves in a harbour so magnificently equipped

by Nature and so near to her own coasts.

The docile, phlegmatic Corean counts for little in the schemes of more powerful nations. His country has been for centuries the cockpit of Eastern Asia; and only his want of active patriotism and his prompt submission to his conquerors have saved him from extermination. Cheerful and hard-working by nature, long years of oppression by corrupt

officials have left him thriftless and lazy. Of what use is it to endeavour to lift himself from the slough of poverty when, at the first appearance of wealth, he will be forced, under pain of imprisonment, torture, or death, to disgorge the fruits of his toil? Thus commerce is left to the foreigner; and the Corean is content with a bare livelihood and asks but a peaceful existence.

GORDON CASSELY.

THE TRAMP.

I AM perfectly well aware that tramps are not generally supposed to be specially gifted with imagination, nor with much love for the picturesque; yet from my personal experiences of these tattered nomads, I have found them to be almost as richly endowed with those qualities as their outward appearance would suggest. And surely, it must require some imagination to concoct those pitiful tales by which tramps generally succeed in lightening the pockets of the unsophisticated but charitable pedestrian. Like the victims of the Sirens, if you are tempted to stand and listen to one of these dulcet strains you are lost, or at least you have parted with something which may, or may not, be valuable to you, according to the fashion in which you regard filthy lucre.

You are passing along a road when one of these interesting specimens of the picturesque meets you and accosts you with this preliminary request: "Please, sir, could you oblige me with a light?" Now a light is what no smoker can possibly refuse if he has one about him. You must stop and begin to search your pockets as naturally, and as readily, for the tramp, as you would for an ordinary traveller. It is what you would ask, if you wanted the article, and met some one on a lonely road who seemed likely to give it.

While the intended victim is rummaging in search of the match-box, which has got into some out-of-the-way corner of his pocket, the tattered prowler is studying his probable prospects before beginning business.

A search of this kind is about the best test of a man's character. If he is charitable, easy to be imposed upon, and in no great hurry, he will search leisurely, taking out the different articles deliberately, one by one. He will most likely bring out his own pipe and tobacco-pouch, and, while handing over the match-box, also press upon his unfortunate brother a pipe-full of the weed. If he does all this without becoming excited or losing his temper, then the borrower is pretty sure of a credulous ear to his oral fiction, and at the end of the narration, perhaps half-a-crown to help him along his weary way.

I am by nature a patient listener to the woes of the tatterdemalion fraternity. Perhaps a strain of the same Bohemian blood runs in my veins. I admire, as they do, lonely roads and pleasing landscapes. I am fond, as they are, of perpetual change, and enjoy uncertainty as they do. Method becomes obnoxious when it is forced upon me. I like, as they do, old coats and disreputable trousers, and value much more the chance pipe of borrowed tobacco than I do my own special brand.

Of course I do not always give full credence to the stories which they favour me with, although I am generally filled with admiration at the invention displayed. This, joined to the histrionic gifts exhibited by the narrators, generally lures from me a certain fee, as my tribute to their abilities. It is so pleasant to sit down by the side of a stile, in a country road on a summer afternoon, with an expert liar beside one,

modulating his trained voice to a pathetic self-pitiful strain, all the while watching you with his crafty eyes to see the effect of his sad story. It is pleasant to have your ears tickled in this soothing manner, while your eyes are gratified by the spectacle he presents to you, his stage effect as it were; a figure, draped by Time, in a fashion of its own, with æsthetic bleachings of colours and gradations of tones sufficiently subtle to charm the most critical perceptions, with fringes and fluttering edges, patches, and additions to suit the convenience of the wearer, that no costumier could imitate, unless perhaps he were of Chinese or Japanese extraction.

The real professional is not to be mistaken, when once you get to know him thoroughly, for the temporary tramp,—that is to say the tramp who lives by the road for the mechanic out of work, who may be merely seeking for employment.

The real article never wastes his valuable time in seeking for work, and he would despise a mate who would dream about such an undesirable consummation to his day's march nearer home.

Possibly such an adept began life as the brat of a beggar, and was initiated into his honourable craft with his first lisplings, having served before that date as an unspeakable object for compassion; therefore the road is his only and true home. Such a one will avoid Unions as much as he possibly can, because he does not like to work for his night's shelter. He has rarely any need to go into such places. If he knows his trade at all, night seldom falls upon him without finding him fully provided, and there are jolly places where tramps congregate at nights by the way, and compare notes like the merry mendicant pilgrims of yore.

He has grown up as a professional roadster all his life. His mode of existence is one void of care and responsibility. As a rule, it is almost as rare to see a dead tramp as it is to see a dead donkey. They are a hardy and long enduring race, and may be met of all ages, from helpless babyhood to sturdy and unwashed veteranism; but I never yet encountered a very decrepit specimen, although I have met many who could feign all the ailments of poor humanity to serve the purpose of the moment.

If it is a youthful tramp, he will begin conversation by asking how far it is to the town beyond the one you have just left, also perhaps the time. He will not shock you by asking for a light, as he prefers leaving you under the impression that he has not yet acquired this bad habit. He is a virtuous, if humble, young man, who has lost both his parents and means of living by the collapse of a coal-mine, and is generally dirty enough to make this statement seem feasible. He is looking out for work, and has been on the outlook since that deplorable accident in the mine. He has tramped all that day, and the day before, without breaking his fast, while his last meal consisted only of a dry crust. At this juvenile stage in his life the tramp has to content himself with coppers, being too young and inexperienced to get up pathos strong enough to draw forth silver from his patrons. He has not practised enough to be able to drop a tear with subdued effect; it is the middle-aged widower who can do that to perfection.

This adept accosts you pleasantly, and while you are searching for the match, remarks cheerfully about the condition of the crops and the state of the weather. He is a hopeful wanderer so far as the prospect of

future work is concerned. If he can manage to get a sickle, on trust, until he can afford to purchase one, he is sure of a job at bean-cutting, which will carry him along first-rate until the hopping-season begins. He has got his pipe filled and lighted at your expense, yet still he lingers, extending his confidences, and gliding gracefully into the pathetic. A broken leg was the first of his disasters, followed by the loss of his dear wife, and a lingering illness which gradually reduced his wardrobe to its present state of dilapidation. He exhibits his pawn-tickets as vouchers of the truth of his tale. They are all there, silent witnesses of his former respectability, although of no more use, having run out their time; a vest, nine pence, a coat, fifteen pence, and so on. "The price of that sickle and a bed for to-night, is the whole that is wanted to make a man once more out of as miserable a wreck as you might meet in a day's march," he concludes, wiping the furtive tear away with his rag of a handkerchief. If lucky, the bereaved one walks off, with the tears of gratitude in his leery eyes, and the price of that sickle in his twine-tied pocket, while the affected donor feels, for the passing moment, a better man as he once more turns a dewy gaze towards spreading Nature.

Of all the variety of tramps whom I have come upon in my wanderings after the picturesque, I never yet met either a vindictive or a grateful one. You may blaspheme at one of them until you are on the verge of a fit of apoplexy, and he will only reply gratefully, "Bless yer, sir, for them kind words." Set the house-dog after him to the further dilapidation of his time-worn habiliments; you cannot hurt his feelings or rouse him up to the point of harbouring revenge. Abuse is what he naturally expects,

if he cannot raise commiseration in your bosom. He will not leave you, when once he has got a hearing, until he has roused either the one emotion or the other. As rags are his stock in trade, the raggeder your dog can make him the better prospect he has with the next customer; therefore, as he has no cause for resentment, he does not feel it.

I am taking up my subject from a natural history point of view, and wish to deal with it dispassionately and fairly. I do not look upon the tramp in the same light as I would regard a man whom unmerciful disaster has driven from the ranks of respectability into the hopeless mire of destitution. Such a one is not a tramp, although he may be compelled to consort with them, and most likely may have to die among them. Such a hopeless wreck, with his bitter hatreds, disappointed ambitions, envyings, withering wishes, and impotent desires, can no more be compared with the pure-bred mendicant than can a wild tiger-cat newly caged be compared with the domestic favourite who serves to ornament our hearth-rugs.

Like the cat, it has taken many generations to form the nature, as well as to harden the hide, of the tramp,—in fact to make him the object that he is. A Romany has some of the qualities necessary, but he is too conservative and tribal, with too many traditions to hinder his progress towards the traitless perfection required. He is not cosmopolitan enough in his ideas. He does something occasionally for a living,—plaiting rushes, telling fortunes, painting his caravan, house-breaking, or poaching—each of which requires exertion and brain-power. The genuine tramp has grown beyond all effort. He can lie fluently, because to do this requires no effort,

but he will not even exert himself to steal, unless the article is placed very handy. He lives for the pure sake of living, and therefore is, in the truest sense of the word, the only human being without a single responsibility, motive, care, obligation, or sensibility. In fact I can only compare him to the domestic cat who has every desire gratified by her indulgent owner. The tramp is a general pet of society who has been smoothed by indulgence down to mere good-natured easy animalism. He is truly a lily of the field, who neither toils nor spins and yet is amply provided for.

He quarrels sometimes when in drink, but not often, and his rages are extremely short-lived. Having no domestic ties, nor household gods, he has no jealousies. He may form a union for a few days, or months, with a tramp of the opposite sex, and be for the time a step-father to the half-naked progeny who are trooping about with her; but, as both their tastes are erratic, some day they will take different roads without a thought of regret, and no more affecting leaving than a parting glass to friendship. They will meet again, with other ties formed, or if it suits their fancies, contract another short partnership together. Their consciences are the easiest, their hearts the lightest, and their memories the shortest for either benefits or wrongs received.

Summer-time is the pleasantest season of the year for the tramp, but the winter months are the most profitable; therefore I think, on the whole, that he does not mind sacrificing the pleasures of green woods, and warm suns, for the more solid advantages of icy blasts, slushy roads, and driving snow.

When a man is cold and drenched he is all the readier to sympathise with the tramp who may be in the

same wretched condition. A really miserable day is the harvest-time of the tattered and shivering vagrant; of course, although he may appear ten times more affected by the piercing blast in his rents and rags than you are in your overcoat, he is not so in reality. Like the savage, he has become inured by a lifetime of exposure to the different seasons, and carries beneath those scanty looking rags a hide as hardened as a rhinoceros. What is making you, in your warm coat, shiver to the marrow, is only bracing up this sturdy rogue and sharpening his appetite for the Irish stew, or steak and onions, which he knows will be waiting for him at the end of his exceedingly short day's journey.

Spring with its east winds and depressing damp, late autumn with its howling blasts and savage down-pours, winter with its ice and snows have all their comforting aspects to these charity provokers. The different seasons mean only a very gentle stroll, a few shivers and abject moans and a cosy evening at the first village inn devoted to the service of his kind.

And it is during the evening that our adventurer is seen at his best, when he has reached his caravansary and, throwing aside all hypocrisy, he gives his donation to the general fund and prepares for a boisterous night of freedom and festivity.

Little beer-shops by the side of the road these inns are, with such names as *THE BEGGAR'S OPERA*, or *NOAH'S ARK*, *THE SAILOR'S REST*, *LUCKY HORSESHOE*, and so forth. Quiet places, as to the frontage, with a small bar and a dingy parlour beside it, where the landlord sedately attends to stray customers; while to the rear, through a long passage, are the tramp's quarters, large kitchens which serve to cook and dine in, with sleeping-dens leading from them.

The landlord has generally a small closet to the rear of the parlour, with a little counter and ticket-like box made into the wall of the kitchen. Here he can receive orders, and watch that his guests do not make too much disturbance to call down the remonstrance of the police, which might place his licence in danger. Inside these bar-closets I have spent many interesting hours, getting my experience of the queer customers on the other side, when it was not always convenient to join in the festivities.

Irish-stew, ham and eggs, steak and onions, and chops mostly occupy the early part of the evening. The fire is always kept blazing merrily, and the cook busy with her pots, frying-pans, and gridirons, for the customers drop in from sundown to nine or ten o'clock at night, after which hour no legitimate tramp would be on the road. Whoever comes in later must be some poor paltry searcher after base toil, who is glad of the leavings which these prosperous sons and daughters of charity discard. I must say for them that they are extravagant and lavish in their donations when they have been lucky themselves. What they have gleaned during the day they spend conscientiously before bedtime, leaving the next day to provide for itself.

They are not epicurean in their eating. A jolly gorge is what they come here for, and they sit down to enormous dishes, devouring as much as they can, until they are purple in the face with repletion. Then they contemptuously pass over the remainder of the feast to the poor wretches who crawl in late. Those despised objects, who really want work, are too proud to beg, yet must play the hungry dogs to these robust cadgers, and eat humble pie for their futile attempts to be honest.

A merry night succeeds the supper.

Pipes are set alight and drinks ordered. It might be supposed that as this is a beer-shop, ale and beer would be the order, but with the exception of a few pots by way of what Mr. Swiveller would call modest quenchers, the true tramp, if in funds, despises this poor tippie. Bottles of brandy, gin, rum, and whiskey, are brought from the spirit shops and consumed copiously. The *ladies* and street-singers take port wine by the pint. One evening I saw three blind men empty six flagons of wine at a sitting, winding up with a bottle of brandy by way of a night-cap.

Singing, swearing, dancing, and courting fill up the intervals, in the delicate manner that might be supposed from the refined company, so that by the time the worthy landlord has shut up his front bar, the revellers are in a high state of conviviality.

Tramps do not possess any fixed property, neither do they hold on to anything transferable very long, but sometimes I have met them in company with a dog.

Now dogs are the most imitative of animals, as well as the most reflective. The hour they make up their canine minds to accept a biped as their leader, they begin to mould their personalities into the likeness of that biped. A cat will retain her individuality to the last gasp of her ninth life, but a dog allows himself to be absorbed into the personality of the being he decides to follow, and he quickly becomes a feasible replica of his master.

The tramp's dog is an animal apart from all other dogs, as the master is different from all other castes of mankind. He is a mongrel, as might be supposed, and has the blending, with the other qualities, of a hundred different breeds in him. He is about the size of a fox-terrier, with a shaggy coat, dirty white and rusty black in

colour, a long solemn snout, small crafty eyes, enormously thick legs, and an attenuated barrel. His tail hangs limply down, or, if it curls at all, takes an inward curve between the hind legs, which generally have a backward and a downward tendency, that shrinking appearance which the hind legs of dogs are apt to take when the master has tied a rope to their collar, after openly expressing his intention of drowning his faithful follower. Cruikshank has drawn the animal to the life in one of his illustrations to *OLIVER TWIST*.

The ribs of the tramp's dog protrude, because he does not fare so well as his master. His rough coat hangs also in ragged patches, not with distemper (because it requires breed in a dog to take the distemper), but with frequent and violent scratchings which are his only pastime. He could not be a tramp's dog, if he did not imitate, to the best of his ability, his master's rags and other peculiarities.

It can easily be understood that a dog who wears no collar, and who knows that no taxes are paid for him, has not much cause for pride. A dog that must pass through parts of the country where police regulations are sometimes very stringent has to be on his mettle and keep a wary eye about him for casualties. He is perfectly well aware that his leader cannot, and will not, take his part, or even own him, if he gets into any trouble with the authorities. He cannot afford the luxury of a free fight with any of the dogs he may meet, for that would call too much public attention to his master, a state of affairs that he tries in every way to avoid, for his own sake and for the sake of the object that he follows. His main aim, therefore, is to sneak through life as unostentatiously as possible and avoid anything in the way of publicity.

No. 535.—VOL. XC.

He knows perfectly well that when he comes to a crowded part of the road, or where houses are, he must skulk behind and appear as if he were an objectless and ownerless dog. He must wag his tail to every one he meets and fawn upon them as if he was on the look-out for a master. He must give a wide circuit to all villages and towns where policemen are likely to be, and in general obliterate his individuality, as well as his similitude, on every possible occasion, if he intends to continue in the land of the living, which like his master, he wants very earnestly to do. Therefore the stranger does not often see the tramp and his dog together. The dog is never to be met inside the cadger's inn, nor even within its vicinity. On a lonely part of the road you may chance upon the pair together, but the dog will sneak out of sight, and take refuge in the adjoining field the moment the stranger, and possible victim, appears in sight.

As a mongrel, he is accustomed, like his master, to all sorts of weather. During the day he follows at a respectful distance, prepared to make himself scarce at a moment's notice. Like the Australian dingo, he has lost his bark, and when his master comes in sight of the night's refuge, he sneaks away to some hedge, where he can keep his eye on the place and wait patiently for his master's reappearance next day. He then takes a circuit of some fields in order to avoid the houses, and rejoins the wanderer on the other side of civilisation.

His master never thinks about him, nor considers his wants in the slightest. What he can pick up in the shape of old bones, or dig up from the buried treasures of other dogs, constitutes his food. His scent is keen for such finds and he is

generally fairly successful, at least he manages to keep the soul within those bulging ribs, and that is enough for his desires. Covered with fleas, he has more occupation than his master, because he bothers himself to a greater extent over these invaders. Sometimes he is caught and shot, or drowned, or stoned to death, but he takes all this as the chances of war. Sometimes you may find him in a snow-drift trying his hardest to keep life and warmth in the little body of a tramp's abandoned brat, or lying frozen and stiff upon it; for not being human, he will take responsibilities upon himself, in spite of his nomadic training.

Before a nation is civilised, children are a source of wealth to the parents. When we are bound down by the obligations of civilisation they become a decided burden to a poor man. It is not the fault of the children that they seem like curses instead of boons when they arrive. It is the entire fault of an exacting civilisation. Why cannot we be like the savages of New Guinea, the free and easy parents of the Solomon Islands, or those extremely indigent poor who carelessly pitch the entire responsibility on the shoulders of the rate-payers? Better still, why not be like the regular tramp which is the nearest approach to those sons and daughters of Nature, the savages, welcome our progeny with careless merriment, and leave the providing of them to the casual passer-by?

The male tramp is absolutely devoid of any responsibility or care for his nameless children. He is much more careless than the savage papa, yet he is quite ready to take up any family for the time, no matter how numerous, and enjoy himself with the results of their mendicant gleanings. He is the easiest father with these hardy young savages, and they

have the jolliest life imaginable while with these parents. The boys and girls have no reason to dread the waking up in the morning, with stern parental orders about clean necks and hands, and a board-school nightmare to haunt their innocent slumbers through the night. They may lie down like the puppy-dogs and get up next morning with a yawn, a scratch, and a shake, and with no one to make a single reflection about their private habits. Society must cover their nakedness, so that they, with their parents leave that task to society. They have nothing whatever to do with either births, deaths, or habiliments; society manages all that for them. What they alone have to consider is how best to satisfy the vacuum which Nature creates in their internals, and that is easily done with the gifts which they have inherited from a long and varied line of accomplished sires.

To the like of us unfortunate payers of rents and taxes the coming of a baby is a very sorrowful subject for contemplation. The doctor, Mrs. Gamp, long robes and christening parties, vaccination, measles and the rest,—a thousand and one cares troop in the footsteps of that minute stranger from mystery-land. But, to the happy tramp these are considerations and miseries unknown.

Like the savage, he leaves his female at the first Union, when she can no longer keep up with him. There he expects her and her brood to be looked after by the authorities appointed by a charitable country for that purpose. He goes on his way cheerful and contented with his lot, and probably wipes her and them, with other present troubles, entirely out of his mercurial mind. The female is just as careless about her present and future. She is young and healthy as a savage, and most

likely a great many degrees more shameless. Beside her run five or six sturdy young half-naked savages. At the last moment she drops into the Union Hospital, adds another to the superabundant population of paupers, and so soon as she is strong enough goes on her way rejoicing, all the richer by another beggar, the possession of which no one is likely to contest with her.

There is one singular point about these tramps, both male and female. They are mostly light-haired, blue-eyed, and ruddy in colour. When you can get past the dust and dirt to the original colour, the females are not as a rule beautiful, but they are generally robust, brick-tinted, and healthy. They do not need to carry or nurse their offspring very long; at six or eight months the beggar's brat is generally trying its own legs and using its own gums on a crust. While the mother is carrying it, she is almost sure to reap a rich harvest of pity, with its equivalents, so that a nursing tramp has no need to go a-begging for a new husband. She may take her own pick, for she is as good as a well-jointured widow to the fellow who can get her to link her fortune with his.

A large family is also a decided advantage to the mother who can parade them in their rags and step-and-stair stages. She can go from door to door with the best of prospects, and tell her story about a sick father out of work with splendid effect.

One day I asked a female who had come, with her filled quiver, to appeal to my benevolence, what ailed her husband. With an upward cast of her roguish blue eyes she answered, "That's what we all want to know." "Where is he?" I next asked, which evidently took her unawares for she gave me the same reply, and to my next question of

"What is he?" she burst out laughing as she brought her glance to bear full on me, while she replied mendaciously: "Ah, sir, you want to know a great deal more than I know myself."

In my capacity as an artist, I regard these nomads with great affection and would not want them out of the landscape for a great deal. They are always ready and willing to pose as models, and never hurry me in my work, while being free and natural in their actions, they invariably strike picturesque attitudes. While I sketch them they open their hearts without stint, regarding me, I suppose, as a kind of fellow craftsman who imposes on society, as they do with their fictions. They tell me their adventures and what luck they have had lately, thus helping me with the incidents needful to an author; also in many cases they put me up to the most likely houses to appeal to, and what houses I should avoid as of no use.

"So and so's dog is all bark, you may go safely past him, but look out for the next place, its a vicious brute and likely to plant its teeth in you without a warning."

"How old is this little chap?"

"The Lord knows, for I don't; you'll be asking me next, who's his dad," replies my model with a merry laugh; "all I know or care about is that he is the best kid in the world for drawing a tanner out of old ladies. They all pities him when he tackles 'em."

"Have you seen my mother passing this way?" asked a young mendicant about six, as I was sitting painting one day by a roadside.

"What is she like?" I enquired in turn.

"She's a long, skinny, yellow-faced woman with a broken nose and a torn-down-eye."

This description was too graphic and terse for me to be mistaken; such a female had accosted me some time before, so that I could put the impish vagrant on the right track.

The children of tramps seldom take any of the troubles of childhood. Probably they suffer a little from hot gums when they are teething, but they don't trouble their mothers, and they have a superabundance of hard crusts to help them along. As for measles or whooping-cough, I cannot recall a single case where I noticed the symptoms, so I suppose, if one does fall ill on the march, that the mother leaves the patient behind to the care of the nurses provided by society and straightway forgets his or her existence. The children scramble on through their young life, until, like the birds, they pair off, independent of all ties, living, as the true savage lives, only for themselves.

I may be mistaken, and yet from my own experience of the real tramp, which I have tried to present to you, there is not, and never will be, any scheme strong enough to change his

nature from what it is into that of a useful member of society. Philanthropists have tried to make good citizens out of the aborigines of Australia and have universally failed. The aboriginal has perished before his reformation had advanced beyond the initiatory stages, and the same may be said of the tramp. He may be confined within four walls until his health gives way, but he will never take to honest labour, nor be induced to quit his wandering and lazy mode of life. It is the same with children of the first generation. They may be forced to learn reading and writing, accomplishments which they will afterwards utilise in the form of begging letters; but like the aborigines of Australia they will return to their old ways so soon as they can get free, no matter what advantages they throw aside to get once again into their rags. There is apparently a fascination about rags and the life that goes with them which, once tasted, cannot be resisted.

HUME NISBET.

A CHRISTIAN LEGEND.

(A.D. 33.)

[THE following verses may be of some interest to those who knew Henry Kingsley, or who have read his spirited and romantic books. One of these books, *GEOFFREY HAMLYN*, was republished only the other day. Happily for the world what is chivalrous and gallant in literature will always find a response, and the rising generations, no less than the setting generations, continue to enjoy fresh air in the pages of their favourite books and like to read of spirited adventures, and of brave young men at full gallop on desperate and generous missions. What sort of hero he of the present motor-car will turn into, still remains to be sung by some master-singer.

Many years ago Henry Kingsley, who had returned from distant ventures, married and settled down for a time somewhere on the river between Henley and Wargrave. He was working very hard, writing for newspapers and finishing book after book, but in intervals of leisure and sunshine we used sometimes to see him or his young wife sculling their little boat from under the branches of the willow-trees growing along those banks, which with their delicious dabbled fringe of green and purple divided our two cottages. The writer can remember going with her brother-in-law Leslie Stephen, travelling also by water and along the green shining sedges, to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley in their cottage at Wargrave. Whoever else might be there from the neighbouring houses, one special friend was always to be seen close to Henry Kingsley's chair, a beautiful deer-hound, in looks like that Abbotsford Maida, so well known to us all.

The other day, after a lifetime—after many lifetimes—the writer received a packet of old MSS., dating from those bygone days, to look over, and among it she found this poem, which no one had read for years. She is grateful to Mr. Macmillan and his Editor, who have given it honour and a place in the shrine of many good men and works and long remembered writings, and to the friend who has added some missing words and cleared up some obscurities in the unfinished text.

ANNE RITCHIE.]

"OH stay with me! it groweth late,
The dew falls fast, and night is near;
The fox is barking on the hill,
The mountain road is lone and drear.

"The lion lurketh in the glen
That leadeth down to Galilee,
And Pontius Pilate's armed men
Swarm on the hill;—abide with me.

"Last week an Arab robber passed,
Wounded and footsore, faint and wan;
We took him in and bound his wounds,
We gave him food, and sped him on.

"This morn the Roman soldiers came—
Spies had betrayed our charity—
They slew my husband on the hearth,
They hanged my son upon the tree.

"Their corpses lie within the tent,
And I sit lonely by the bier,
Lone, childless, widowed, desolate;
Yet rest with me, for night is near."

A Christian Legend.

"I cannot stay," the Stranger said :
 " Woman, you know not what you ask.
The night is near, the work not done ;
 I must away, towards my task."
"Nay, Stranger, stay," the widow said,
 " To shelter from the evening heat ;
One cup of water ere you go,
 And rest awhile your way-worn feet."
The Stranger bowed His lordly head
And passed into the widow's tent :
He blessed the water ere He drank,
 And softly towards the dead men went.
He kissed the father on his brow,
 He kissed the boy upon his cheek,
He laid His hand upon their breasts
 And looked on them,—but did not speak.
The dead men rose, and stared around.
 " We dreamed a dream of rest," said they,
' We dreamed that all the strife was done
 And waited for thee ; past away
' Is that sweet dream, ah mother, wife,
 Have we come back to thee again ?
We thought that thou would'st come to us
 Not we to thee. Were we not slain
But yester morn ? Are we alive,
 Or hath death brought thee to us now ?
What sleep was that ? What waking this ?
 Who standeth there ? What, is it thou ?"
" Silence ! " the Stranger said and passed
 Swift-footed on His lonely way,
Towards the lake, where in the West
 Gleamed the last glories of the day.
They watched His swift steps speeding on
 Up the wild glen towards the shore.
He crossed the ridge, and He was gone,
 Gone from their gaze for ever more,
For ever more while life shall last—
 Yet shall they see Him once again,
When all the angelic hosts of Heaven
 Hymn round the Throne their deathless strain.
They'll know Him then, that Stranger wan,
 When dawns the everlasting day ;
Those simple Arabs of the glen
 Will know that Christ had passed that way.

HENRY KINGSLEY.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

BY A MAN.

"TWERE well for mortals otherwhence to raise children, and for there to be no women; so had there been no evil to mankind." In these days of little Latin and less Greek no apology is needed for quoting in the vernacular the words of Euripides, "Euripides, the tender, with his droppings of warm tears."

Jason spoke in his wrath; his first wife objected to be supplemented by a younger rival, and he jumped to the conclusion that all women were equally unreasonable. It never occurred to poet or people that there was another and simpler alternative; that the Lords of Creation should be eliminated from mankind and the gentler sex left in possession of the stage.

Astronomers sometimes entertain us by speculating what would have been the consequence to our planet, had our golden sun been red like Aldebaran or green like some sister star. It might be equally profitable to consider what would happen if at some distant date the Boers, not content with driving the English into the sea, as they once threatened, should overcome their horror of salt-water and, after reducing England to subjection, should deport our male population in a body to Kerguelen's Land, or some equally uninteresting portion of the Antarctic Ocean. We all remember the sad results that followed when the Greek husbands lingered too long around Ilium, or later when the Roman hosts were detained outside the walls of Ardea. Would our wives and

daughters yield themselves up to insolence and wine after the manner of the Ladies Tarquin, or would they spend their spinsterhood at the distaff like the virtuous but unhappy Lucrece? No man will hesitate for a moment what to reply. There would be no banqueting, no looking upon the wine when it was red. Late dinners would be at once abolished and there would be an abnormal rise in the price of eggs. Your natural woman detests order in her meals. Breakfast in bed, lunch with her hat on, tea out of doors, but, above all, an egg in the drawing-room for dinner; these are her simple desires. It is not that she loves simplicity so much, but orderliness is connected in her mind with the management of servants and picnicking suggests emancipation. Men who spend their lives in the office working for daily bread have little notion of the tireless devotion and unceasing worry that makes things go so smoothly at home. It is one thing to come back weary and appreciate the excellence of parlourmaid and cook; it is quite another to beard those worthies daily in their sanctum and insist upon the display of that excellence.

The ill-used Medea, to return for a moment to our original illustration, in a passage whose incisiveness the immortal Mrs. Caudle herself might have envied, repudiated with indignation the suggestion that a matron's life was a life of ease. She would rather three times face the spear on the battle-field than once endure a

woman's lot at home. It is doubtful whether she over-estimated her case. We are not of those who speak slightly of villainous saltpetre, nor do we undervalue the efficacy of a well-directed torpedo; but if we were offered the choice between a month in the stokehole of a Russian man-of-war or a fortnight under the artillery of the servants' hall, we should think twice before deciding which was the kindlier fate.

"You know, my love, I never interfere with your household affairs, but I should be glad if you would suggest to Jane that I don't like ringing so often for my boots," or, more testily, "I wish to heaven, Clara, you'd tell that maid of yours to attend to her business and answer the bell." These contributions to the domestic economy the most pusillanimous husband is not afraid to make. But when it comes to a personal demonstration on the side of order, or a practical suggestion in the interests of efficiency, the predominant partner usually seeks safety in inglorious flight. And let it be remembered that this perfection of detail is not in itself dear to the female heart. Notice the difference of behaviour in man and woman on receiving a parcel. He, secretive by nature, puts it away for a while out of sight, and when he opens it folds paper and string into neat little bundles. She, all haste to examine her treasure, which is probably some domestic flannel bought an hour before, flings paper and string on the floor, where they remain undisturbed. It never occurs to her that the room is less comfortable on that account and when she upbraids the housemaid next morning for not removing them, it is neglect of duty, not untidiness, that vexes her righteous soul. She cannot understand that the love of the order which is necessary for her

husband's business has permeated his being, and that if his library table sometimes exhibits a suspicious aspect, it is the weakness of the flesh and not the willingness of the spirit which leads him to be untidy.

There are some to whom these remarks will seem paradoxical, because they have been led away by preconceived ideas and have never studied the subject for themselves. The solution of the problem of woman's nature cannot be evolved from the inner consciousness. It *can* be conquered by sitting still and looking at it. We have never ceased to wonder that two neighbouring people like the English and the Welsh can grow up side by side in ignorance even of each other's language. There is a greater wonder nearer home. What do we English men know of the women who live in our midst? At school and at college we are kept apart. As bachelors we meet and fence with them in society, but it is not until we are married that the mask is thrust aside and we learn to know our partners face to face. It has been said that marriage doubles our expenses and halves our pleasures. If this were true it would be but the necessary penalty of high estate. The man who has once tasted the sweets of the hunting-field cares less for hacking along the road; his ideas have expanded. In the same way the man who has once been admitted into the fellowship of the other sex cares less for celibate delights, but his range of experience is widened. "*Ex una discit omnes*," which may be translated freely, "Women are much of a muchness." He finds that they have been credited with attributes that do not belong to them, and perhaps denied virtues that are fairly their due.

Before, however, starting upon the catalogue of these virtues and at-

tributes, it would not be amiss to consider briefly what are the necessities or expectations which lead honest folk into holy matrimony.

We can set on one side the young who marry strictly for love. They expect nothing, at least nothing that can be put into words, and so need not come into the calculation. But those of maturer years and soberer disposition must surely be able to give some coherent account of the reasons that led them deliberately to plunge into the unknown. Our ancestors, who were an unimaginative race, dismissed the question with the smallest exercise of thought. "Tom must marry at once, or there will be no heir to the family estate. It does not matter so much about Johnnie, but his shirts are getting into a terrible state." If these two reasons seemed inadequate in any particular case it was always possible to fall back upon the pious platitude that marriages were made in Heaven, and the situation was saved.

It has now become obvious that the supply of territorial magnates is not sufficient, and the ingenuity of man has suggested a simpler solution for the absence of buttons. After all, from the lady's point of view, the post of chief superintendent of the wardrobe, though honourable in itself, must have left something to be desired. It is evident that some stronger inducement must be found, or the Marriage Service would far less often be called into requisition than it is. Man, as Aristotle tells us, is a pairing animal and Nature will have her way. He is sick of solitude and needs a home; she has outgrown the paternal nest and longs for an establishment of her own; proximity and accident do the rest. The bells are set a-ringing, and they start together on a voyage of discovery which, though fertile in sur-

prises at first, commonly lands them in the desired haven at the end. Each has shed a few illusions, but the sum of mutual satisfaction is not seriously diminished. It would be interesting to read a candid diary written by an ordinary couple before, and say six months after, marriage.

If a man does not know a pink from a pelargonium he frankly admits that he cares nothing about the matter, but every woman is supposed to be fond of flowers. Is she? We will admit at once that when a lady takes to gardening she makes the wilderness blossom like the rose. She has exactly the dainty touch that plants love and to which they respond. But to say that women in general are fond of flowers is a complete misconception. They like to use them as furniture for the adornment of their rooms, or to arrange them prettily in vases to deck their dining-tables; but as for their habits, their disposition, their history, whether they came from their own garden or from the florist round the corner, they care no more than the man in the moon. Has anyone ever seen a woman, not a professed gardener, cut a dead rose from a bush to improve the appearance of the tree? There are hundreds who will pick a live one and let it die a few moments later in their waist-bands. Fond of flowers indeed! As well call them fond of clothes because they like to be well dressed. The present writer is wearing at this moment a garment in which he has shot, fished, and golfed for the last ten years. He knows every crease and wrinkle in it, and would not change it for the latest production of Bond Street. Is any woman equally faithful to an old friend out of her wardrobe? It is true that her dressmaker never gives her the chance by letting her have material that will last a third of the

time. No, she values her dresses, as she values her flowers, or for the matter of that her horses, or her coachman's livery, not for their own intrinsic merits, but as a component part of her own equipage. The unreasonable affection for his own *entourage* which man shares with the otherwise objectionable domestic cat is practically unknown to her. He is conservative by nature, and likes the arrangement of his study because it has always been so. She is conservative only in politics, and is never so happy as when effecting a radical change in the position of her drawing-room furniture.

On the other hand it is not fair to say that women attach too much importance to their equipage or to the adornment of their person. It has pleased Providence, that in the male biped of the *genus homo* alone fine feathers should not make fine birds. Given a decent tailor to start with and his clothes may drop off his back with age without deteriorating seriously from such beauty as he may possess. Every woman knows, and some confess, that with them good looks depend upon good dressing, and are they to be blamed if they spend time and trouble in searching for a combination that may produce so desirable a result? It is well if they do not array themselves only with this end in view. We have known a comely matron who stated thoughtfully, as one who had toiled painfully to an unsuspected truth, "The fact is you should look what the weather is before you dress to go out." But prescience such as this is rare, and would not affect the generality of the sex.

It is obvious that this desire to do credit to her husband by her personal appearance results in a considerable expenditure of cash, and he is often heard to declare that his wife's bills

will land him in the workhouse. She is not, however, as a rule willingly extravagant, and in some respects her conduct compares favourably with his own. When a man wants a pair of gloves he takes what the shopman offers, and walks away as a rule without enquiring the price. If it is a ready-money transaction and the cost is greater than he anticipated, he curses his luck but pays the money, resolving to try a cheaper shop in future. He would feel it beneath his dignity to haggle about shillings with a tradesman, or admit that he could wear anything except the best. His wife has no false shame in the matter. "Oh, but 3/6 is rather more than I care to give; can you find me a pair at 2/11?" And a pair at 2/11 is generally forthcoming.

But if by any chance it is a question not of buying but of selling, if they have a house to let, or a dinner service to dispose of through the Exchange and Mart, the assistance of the wife is invaluable. Her sanguine temperament and lively imagination paint the transaction in colours which fill the purchaser with ecstasy, and her husband's mind with awe. It is not for nothing that *caveat emptor* has become a proverb. Everybody knew that the *emprix* could take care of herself. There would be a great future for women in the genteeler walks of commerce could they grapple with the mysteries of book-keeping. "You see, Philip dear, you owe me £2 10s. out of the weekly bills, and I paid Sarah's washing with cook's beer-money because I advanced her 10/- out of my own purse last week to send a post-office order to her mother who is ill, so if you give me a cheque for £2 15s. now it will be all right." Philip does not see, but he has been to Cambridge and is not going to be beaten at mathematics by a woman, so he signs the cheque.

Again, it is fearlessly asserted about women that their intuition is strong but their logical faculty weak. The first proposition is probably true, but the second surely depends on insufficient evidence. We have all heard them state one side of a question so clearly and so convincingly that there is no reason to suspect they would not show equal discrimination in weighing the other, if they had patience to listen to it. Unfortunately they never have, and in this, as in so many cases, judgment has been given in default. A faculty has been denied them which they may very likely possess, only owing to mere accident it has never yet been called into play.

But who are we that with our male arrogance talk so glibly about intuition and judgment, while in defiance of the most elementary logical procedure we have argued from the unknown to the known, and strayed from our original proposition? We ought all this time to be pacing behind our wire entanglements

in the Isle of Desolation and speculating about the process of affairs at home. To be honest the digression was not entirely unintentional. We had ventured on to treacherous ground and were struggling to regain a firmer foot-hold. What woman does we know, but what she will do in any given contingency who can tell us? We have pronounced the doom of the dinner-bell; we can foretell with certainty the running down of the household clock; for what need of time has the Eternal Feminine in the absence of its male counterpart? The latch-key will hang disconsolate on its nail, for female burglars are unknown and no woman ever yet on her own initiative shut a door; but beyond these lesser details fancy fears to pry. Perhaps we may safely conclude in the manner of the old Scotch song:

There'd be na luck about the house,
There'd be na luck at a',
There'd be little pleasure in the house,
Were the gude man awa'.

THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN IN JAPAN.

ON one of the beautiful hills that overlook Tokio Bay is the grave of an Englishman who died nearly three hundred years ago in remote Japan, infinitely more remote then than now. When the American squadron of Commodore Perry came knocking at the long closed doors of the Morning Land in 1853, his ships anchored in the very shadow of the pioneer's tomb. Pioneer he truly was, the first man of English race to set foot in the far eastern Empire which since his day has enlisted so many of his countrymen in her service; and to the present time an annual celebration is held in his honour by the people of Anjin Cho, a thoroughfare in Tokio. *Anjin*, the Japanese word for pilot, was the name by which he was known in his adopted country, where there are those who still claim descent from him; his actual name was William Adams, and Gillingham, near Rochester, had the honour of giving him birth.

He was born into an age and nation, the dominant characteristic of which was enterprise. In commerce, discovery, and, one may add perhaps, piracy, that characteristic had its most striking results, as every reader of Hakluyt and Purchas knows; and Adams was a typical Englishman of his time. It was, however, in the Dutch service that he left Europe, never to return. He must then have been an experienced navigator in the prime of life. At the age of twelve he had been apprenticed to Nicholas Diggins of Limehouse, who seems both to have built ships and owned them, had afterwards

served in the Royal Navy as master and pilot, and, later still, had been in the employment of the Company of Barbary Merchants for eleven or twelve years. In 1598, the first ascertainable date in his career, he went over to Holland to act as pilot-major¹ of a squadron which was being fitted out at Rotterdam for a voyage to the East by the Dutch Company of Merchants, no doubt inspired by the tales told by Linschoten, on his return from these regions, of their immense wealth and the decadence of the Portuguese. The little fleet, consisting of five small vessels overcrowded with men, left the Texel on June 24th under the command of Captain Jacob Mahu or Maihore. Space does not permit an account of the adventurous voyage, described with much vigour by Adams in his correspondence; it lasted nearly two years, the ship in which he sailed anchoring off the feudal principality of Bungo in the island of Kiushiu, Japan, on April 19th, 1600, "at which time," observes Adams, "there were no more than six besides myself that could stand upon his feet."

The natives crowded aboard, but in perfect friendliness, the only drawbacks being that neither party could understand the other, and that the Japanese, with too keen an interest in the strangers' belongings, helped themselves to all they could lay hands on. A day or two later some Portuguese and Spaniards arrived from

¹ A pilot-major was a seaman of approved skill and experience who directed the navigation of an expeditionary squadron, a post of great responsibility.

Langasacke (which we know now as Nagasaki), who acted as interpreters, and also, Adams tells us, as traitors. They doubtless disliked the idea of this Anglo-Dutch party poaching on what had hitherto been a Spanish and Portuguese preserve, denounced its members as pirates, and incensed the populace against them. The daimyo or feudal lord (Adams calls him king) of Bungo seems, however, to have shown friendliness to the two dozen travel-worn seafarers who had reached his shore, three of whom died soon after landing.

Meanwhile their arrival had come to the ears of the ruler of Japan, Ieyasu. I purposely use the word ruler, for Ieyasu was not emperor, albeit Adams and other old writers call him so, but was at this time only regent, though three years later he was proclaimed Shogun, a position which he had virtually held since his decisive victory at Sekigahara. The real sovereigns, the emperors *de facto* of Japan from 1192, when Yoritomo received the title of Sei-i Tai Shogun (Barbarian-subjugating-great-general) from the emperor *de jure*, to the restoration in 1868, were the Shoguns, members of various aristocratic families, Minamoto, Hojo, Ashikaga, Nobunaga, and Tokugawa, Ieyasu being the first Shogun of the last-named dynasty. During almost the whole of this long period the emperors *de jure* were persons of no account, possessing but the shadow of sovereignty, living a secluded life in their palaces, and being generally murdered at an early age. Ieyasu was probably the greatest Japanese who ever lived. A skilful general, he was still more eminent as statesman and reformer, did much for education and scholarship, took an interest in what he could learn from the few Europeans who found their way to Japan, and left behind him a book of maxims and

reflections on statecraft called THE LEGACY OF IEYASU.

On hearing of the Dutch ship and her crew, he sent for the latter to come to him, and on their arrival at Osaka, where he was in residence, Adams had an audience in "a wonderful, costly house gilded with gold in abundance." He gave the great man an account of his wanderings, tracing them on a chart, and was asked many questions on whence he had come, his objects in coming, and so forth. To that regarding intentions, "I answered: We were a people that sought all friendship with all nations, and to have trade in all countries, bringing such merchandise as our country did afford into strange lands in the way of traffic." We are not told how this interview was conducted, but it was presumably interpreted by a Portuguese, and he may have malevolently tampered with Adams's words, for Ieyasu was anything but gracious and showed decided scepticism about the chart. For thirty-nine days afterwards Adams was kept a prisoner, and, not unreasonably, had disquieting fears of crucifixion, which, he had learnt, was the customary native method of execution. Meanwhile Portuguese and Spaniard were poisoning the Shogun's mind against him and his comrades. Naturally irritated that those late refractory subjects of theirs, the Dutch, should encroach on their Japanese monopoly, they lost no opportunity of impressing on the Shogun how ill it became him to favour rebels to the authority of His Catholic Majesty. But Ieyasu was not the man to be dictated to by Catholic Majesties thousands of miles distant, and his invariable answer to such appeals was that he denied the right of any foreign power to dictate his attitude to strangers visiting his dominions, that European wars and revolts were

no business of his, and that, so long as strangers kept the laws and traded honestly, he cared not who they were nor to whom they might be nominally subject. On the last occasion of a Hispano-Portuguese memorial being presented on this question, he lost all patience and hounded the petitioners from his presence, emphatically declaring that if "devils from hell" visited his realm, they should be treated like angels from heaven, "so long as they behaved like gentlemen." In the present instance also, Ieyasu, recognising that the advice of the Portuguese was not remotely related to their own commercial and religious interests, flatly declined to follow it. Adams was released, and with his shipmates rejoined their vessel, which in their absence had been plundered. Liberal restitution was, however, made by Ieyasu, and after some wrangling the money was divided among the crew according to relative rank.

What became of his companions is unknown; we have now only to deal with Adams himself, whose fortunes waxed greater after the dispersal of the band. The abortive Dutch expedition proved of some historical note, since it led to an Englishman setting foot in Japan for the first time, and becoming the assistant and friend of its ruler. He has left us no details of the first five years of his service for Ieyasu, but about the end of that period he was invited to construct a ship on the European model, and the vessel was designed and built, giving the Shogun great satisfaction. A second and larger ship was afterwards made to convey home a Spanish governor of the Philippines, who had been wrecked on the Japanese coast. Adams, who from his letters seems to have been an educated man, was also useful to Ieyasu as an instructor. "Now being in such grace and favour,

by reason I learned him some points of geometry and understanding of the art of mathematics with other things, I pleased him so, that what I said he would not contrary." His services indeed were rewarded with an estate near Yedo, called Hemimura, "like unto a lordship in England, with 80 or 90 husbandmen that be as my slaves or servants." With all this, however, Adams was home-sick. He had left a wife in England, and seems to have been an attached and, all things considered, a faithful husband, often making remittances to Mrs. Adams through the East India Company. After five years, therefore, he besought his master to permit him to visit his native land, "desiring to see my poor wife and children according to conscience and nature." Apparently he had not yet married in Japan, but by 1616 he had a Japanese wife and a son and daughter, Joseph and Susanna, who are frequently mentioned in the diary of Richard Cocks. Ieyasu refused leave of absence; probably he feared that if his Englishman crossed the broad seas, he would think twice before returning. The application was renewed when tidings came of the Hollanders being in Java and Patani; Adams now told the Shogun that if his departure were permitted, he would bring both Dutch and English to traffic in the country. But the answer was still in the negative.

Meanwhile he was living a busy life. He made several tours round the coast, and advised on naval and military matters; probably he did some private trading as well. His experience enabled him to be of service to the Dutch traders who came to Japan in 1609 and 1611, when Spex established the factory at Hirado, and, owing to his standing at court, he was also useful to them as a diplomatist. He rendered

like service to other foreigners in Japan, for he says in one of his letters: "The Spaniard and Portugal hath been my bitter enemies to death; and now they must seek to me, an unworth wretch, for the Spaniard as well as the Portugal must have all their negosshes go through my hand. God have the praise for it." From the Dutch ship of 1611 he learned that his countrymen were trading in the East, and, hoping that some of them might know him, he wrote on October 22nd, 1611, the interesting narrative of his life in epistolary form, which has fortunately been preserved with other letters of his in the India Office. There is a touch of pathos in the superscription of this letter which the lonely Englishman sent forth upon its travels, trusting it might reach a sympathetic reader: "To my Unknown Friends and Countrymen: desiring this letter by your good means, or the news or copy of this letter, may come into the hands of one or many of my acquaintance in Limehouse or elsewhere, or in Kent, in Gillingham by Rochester." He concludes with a brief appreciation of his adopted country, in the course of which he says: "The people of this island of Japan are good of nature, courteous above measure, and valiant in war: their justice is severely executed without any partiality upon transgressors of the law. They are governed in great civility. I mean, not a land better governed in the world by civil policy."

Probably through their factors, recently settled in Bantam, two copies of this letter were transmitted to the "Worshipfull Fellowship of the Merchants of London trading into the East Indies." It has been said to have led to the opening of British intercourse with Japan, but this is a mistake, for the first English expedition to that country under Cap-

tain John Saris had started on April 18th, 1611, six months before it was written. It must have been some earlier letter of Adams, now lost, which inspired this enterprise, and in Saris's commission he was instructed to take counsel with Adams on all questions. It must not be supposed, however, that Saris was sent with the sole object of opening trade with Japan. He had other duties to perform, the main object of the expedition, as originally planned, being to call at Surat, where Sir Henry Middleton had been fostering the Company's interests. The East India merchants had regard for their servants' spiritual welfare as well as commercial ends, though Foxe's *BOOK OF MARTYRS* can scarce have been cheerful reading for little groups of Christians living amid men of alien faiths who were experts in torture. In the forty-first article of Saris's instructions we read that "for the better comfort and recreation" of the factors in the Indies, the Company is sending "the works of that worthy servant of Christ, Mr. William Perkins, to instruct their minds and feed their souls with that heavenly food of the knowledge of the truth of God's word, and the Book of Martyrs in two volumes, as also Mr. Hakluyt's Voyages to recreate their spirits with variety of history."

The earlier part of Saris's voyage need not be dealt with here. In October, 1612, he anchored off Bantam. There he saw Adams's letter of the previous year, which had already been answered by Augustine Spalding, chief merchant of the East India Company in Java, who sought further information of Japan's commercial prospects. Long before Adams's response to this letter reached Bantam, Saris had sailed for Japan in the *Clove*, reaching (June 12th, 1613,) Hirado (then called Firando) on the

island of the same name, which lies off Kiushiu, the southern member of the Japanese group. Hirado had long been a busy port. From an early period travellers to or from China passed through it; the Mongols had made it their point of attack in their attempted invasion of Japan in the thirteenth century; in the sixteenth it was a resort for Chinese traders and smugglers. The Portuguese had formerly been settled at Hirado, and the Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier, had founded a church there, while the Dutch, as we have seen, had set up a factory about two years before Saris's arrival.

He had a cordial reception from Matsura Hoin, the ex-daimyo of Hirado, who, in accordance with Japanese custom, continued to administer the district, though his nephew or grandson, Tono Sama,¹ was nominally in power. Both noblemen, attended by forty galleys, rowed out to the *CLOVE*, and Saris led them to his cabin, where he had prepared a banquet and music for their delectation. He then handed a letter over from James the First, but Matsura did not open it at once, saying he would await Ange's (Adam's) arrival. The latter was absent at the time on one of his court missions, but the daimyo undertook to send him a letter from the captain. For the next few days the English ship was a resort for the gaping curious of Hirado, and, according to Saris's journal, some of the Catholic Japanese ladies fell into an error of judgment in admiring his decorations.

Giving leave to divers of the better sort of women to come into my cabin, where the picture of Venus hung, very lasciviously set out, and in a great frame,

¹ An official designation equivalent to his Highness.

they fell down and worshipped it for our Lady with shows of great devotion, telling me in a whispering manner (that some of their own companions, which were not so, might not hear), that they were Christians, whereby we perceived them to be of the Portuguese-made papists.

On another day :

The king came aboard again, and brought four chief women with him. They were attired in gowns of silk, clapt the one sort over the other, and so girt to them, bare-legged, only a pair of half-buskins bound with silk riband about their instep; their hair very black and very long, tied up in a knot upon the crown in a comely manner: their heads nowhere shaven as the men's were. They were well faced, handed and footed; clear skinned and white, but wanting colour which they amend by art. . . . The king's women seemed to be somewhat bashful, but he willed them to be frolic. They sang divers songs and played upon certain instruments (whereof one did much resemble our lute, being bellied like it, but longer in the neck and fretted like ours, but had only four gut-strings).

Matsura, who appreciated English cooking, especially powdered beef and pork "sod with onions, radishes and turnips," continued amiable and attentive to his visitors, and by his consent they rented a house. With about a third of his officers and men Saris took up his abode in it, and the lead, powder, cloth, copper and other goods of the cargo were stored in its godown or warehouse. Saris employed his time in making friends with the merchants, Japanese and foreign, of the port, and to that end distributed gifts right and left, an essential factor in Japanese commerce and diplomacy. Seven weeks slipped by without any more serious trouble than the escapades of Christopher Evans, gunner's mate, who persisted in going ashore without leave and running wild there, "for which cause," says the captain, "I gave order to set him in the

bilboes, where before the boatswain and most of the company he did most deeply swear to be the destruction of Jack Saris, for so it pleased him to call me."

On July 29th Adams returned, and to Saris and Richard Cocks, who had come in the *Clove* as chief merchant, detailed the prospects of Japanese trade, speaking warmly of the natives. Saris's journal indicates that from the first there was a coolness between the two men. They rubbed each other the wrong way. Adams was invited to settle at the English factory, but preferred his own quarters in the town, where he had a St. George's ensign flying; while willing to do all in his power for his countrymen, he had no intention of throwing over his clients of other nationalities. Saris complains that, whenever he wants Adams, the latter has an engagement elsewhere and says that, if wanted, he can always be heard of at the Dutch factory. Probably it was the old story: the official from home coming out and wishing to command the man on the spot, who knew the ways of the natives and to whom red tape was repellent, and the latter retaliating with independence and brusqueness of manner. It must be remembered that Adams was not yet in the service of Saris's employers; he was merely giving help and advice, and on a vital point his counsel was not followed. He was against the English factory being set up at Hirado on the confines of the empire, and urged that it should be in eastern Japan, near Yedo, which, as a great city and seat of government, offered an excellent market. Saris, however, pleased with his treatment by the local ruler, Matsura, determined that Hirado should be the headquarters of British trade in Japan; it was even with difficulty that Adams persuaded him to present

his letters to Ieyasu (who in 1605 had delegated the Shogunate to his son, but still retained supreme power), and to that son, Hidetada. The daimyo provided a galley for the journey, and with eighteen men, half of them English, Saris and Adams set out for Ieyasu's court, then at Shizuoka. On the way they visited Kamakura and the great copper image of Dai Butsu, and, faithful to the traditions of the British tourist, "some of our people went into the body of it and hooped and hollowed, which made an exceeding great noise," while others inscribed their names on the image.

On September 8th Saris delivered the royal letter to the imperial secretary, who handed it in turn to Ieyasu, court etiquette not permitting direct presentation. Saris then withdrew, and Adams was summoned for consultation, the result being that Saris was permitted to send in a petition, stating what privileges he desired, and duly received a charter authorising trade all over Japan. The party then proceeded to Yedo, where the Shogun Hidetada gave it audience; and on the return journey four days were spent at Adams's house near Uraga, a small port outside the entrance to Yedo Bay. Adams took the opportunity to renew his counsel that the factory should be set up there, but Saris, while acknowledging the merits of Uraga harbour, remained bent on his former scheme.

After the return to Hirado the breach between the two men continued to widen. Tales were set afloat to Adams's disadvantage. Even Cocks, despite genuine friendship, a friendship apparently mingled with awe, writes: "I cannot choose but note it down that both I myself and all the rest of our nation do see that he is much more friend to the Dutch than to the Englishmen, which

are his own countrymen, God forgive him." One trumpety incident caused much mutual irritation about this time. A servant of Adams's, whom he had left at Hirado to cater for the merchants, "did most unreasonably cozen" them; he seems, in fact, by illegal commissions to have made about ten shillings on the wine bill. Saris, indignant with the man, went to the master. "In friendly manner," he says, "I acquainted Mr. Adams in the presence of Mr. Cocks, of his man's dishonest and villainous dealing, being put in trust and to cheat us so unreasonable. He took it very evil that his servant should be so thought of, and so highly took his part, as by the persuasion of Mr. Cocks I did not say further, but gave order to Mr. Cocks to let him go no more to market for us."

Adam's attitude can be attributed to his wider acquaintance with the Asiatic servant's elastic code of morals. A more serious cause for friction was of a financial nature. Saris had at Uraga bought for the Company some Kioto ware from a stock kept by Adams as agent for some Spaniards. Adams expected payment in Spanish ryals, then the international currency of the East, but Saris insisted on paying Japanese money and thereby reduced the price five per cent., such a discount being then customary. Adams protested that he was thus out of pocket, as he had to pay ryals to those for whom he had sold the goods, but Saris would not give way. Altogether their relations were far from pleasant, especially towards the end of the captain's stay in Japan. Adams could not but reflect that, so far, his services to the Company had been gratuitous; he had received gifts amounting to £42, but this was not fair remuneration for a man to whose influence and knowledge the success of the expedition was due. He was,

indeed, entitled to a free passage home in Saris's ship, and Ieyasu had now consented to his going; but the prospect of many months with Saris in the confined space of a small vessel cannot have been enticing, and he resolved to let the *CLOVE* sail without him.

Informed of this decision, Saris, who, however he might dislike the other, had to recognise his value to the factory and the certainty that if it did not employ him some foreign one would, made an offer for his services. After some negotiations Adams accepted a salary of £100 a year. Eleven days after the contract was signed, Saris wrote a memorandum for Cocks, in which the references to Adams are nothing less than venomous. He is only fit to be master of the junk or an interpreter, requires constant supervision, and must not be trusted to disburse the Company's money. Saris, then, professed to believe Adams a fool, idler, and knave, yet left him in a responsible post at what was then a high salary. In the circumstances the latter, ignorant of the captain's Parthian dart, must have been well pleased to see the *CLOVE* fading away on the horizon in December, 1613. Despite Saris's insinuation, Cocks reports to the Company in the following year, "I find the man tractable and willing to do your Worships the best service he may," and mentions that he has repaid £20 advanced by the Company to Mrs. Adams in England.

Before Saris left, the factory was in working order. Cocks at its head, with the title of Cape-merchant, left an interesting diary, from which a good idea of the life of the colony can be derived. He established two branch factories at Osaka and Yedo, each with several sub-agencies, and fitted out one or two oversea expedi-

tions. Adams was active on behalf of the Company, now overhauling ships, now buying and selling, now serving as diplomatist, and in this last capacity sometimes displeasing Cocks by pro-Dutch proclivities. Thus in 1615 he bought a junk and, after refitting her, took command for a voyage to Siam. This was against the wish of Ieyasu, who wanted him to remain in Japan and offered him a larger estate if he would do so. But Adams stuck to the Company, seeing in that the chance of an ultimate return to England. The cruise of the *SEA ADVENTURE*, as the junk was called, was unsuccessful. After nearly foundering in a gale, she took refuge at the Loo Choo Islands, whence, owing to a mutiny of the crew, Adams had to put back to Japan.

In the following year (1616), on his return from another and more profitable voyage to Siam in the same junk, he found that Cocks had been awaiting him to go to court for the renewal of trading privileges, since Ieyasu had died and Hidetada now reigned alone. Procuring the new license was a long and tiresome business. For a month they lingered in Yedo, wasting their days in ante-chambers and trying to interest officials in their cause. It was a time of change, and Hidetada's dislike of aliens was notorious. When finally he got his charter, Cocks apparently examined it with no great care, for on his homeward journey he was surprised to hear from Hirado of serious restrictions being put on trade by the authorities. Referring to his license, he found that the article formerly permitting the English to trade where they would, now confined them to Hirado and Nagasaki. The reason for these shrunken rights he took to be the Shogun's dislike of the Spanish missionaries, though he had explained,

when asked whether the English were not also Christians, that all friars and Jesuits had been turned out of England before he was born, and related the story of the Gunpowder Plot. Renewed efforts for a full license had no success, the official answer being that nothing could be done that year.

At the end of 1616 Adams's engagement with the Company expired, and for the future he was engaged partly in private trading, partly in diplomatic missions. For his political efforts there was an opportunity on the arrival of another missive from King James, armed with which he set off with Cocks to seek concessions from Hidetada. The same weary process of waiting and bribing went on, and with the same lack of success. The English were now to be restricted to Hirado, and Adams was entrusted with the task of winding up the branch factories. Meanwhile the authorities had been exercising strict supervision over the Hirado establishment and hampering its sales. Since Ieyasu's death there had been a change in their attitude to the English traders; the latter no longer dreamt of appealing to the native judges in any dispute. Nor was there trouble with the Japanese only; a serious incident led to a rupture with the Dutch, which had hitherto been avoided. There was plenty of trade-rivalry, but relations, if not cordial, had been courteous, Adams, hand in glove with both nationalities, being the go-between. The Dutch, moreover, who carried on a brisk piracy, had hitherto left English vessels unmolested. But a great humiliation had now to be endured, the ship *ATTENDANCE* being brought into Hirado harbour by a Dutch privateer with much firing of salutes. Cocks, indignant at this affront, sent a message to the Chinese trading colony at Nagasaki, asking it to join

in an appeal for justice to Yedo, and another to Adams, then at court with a Dutch embassy, begging him to withdraw from association with the enemies of his countrymen. He was not to be appeased by a call from the Dutch chief merchant, who came to express his regrets and hand over the ATTENDANCE, out of which, however, all that could be removed had been taken. "I answered," says Cocks, "they might show themselves friends to the English if they liked, either now or hereafter, but for my part I did not care a halfpenny whether they did or no." To his disappointment Adams did not wish to intervene in this feud, and advised him against going to court with his grievance; but Cocks, determined to see it through, set out. After all Adams met him on the way and accompanied him, but the Shogun declined to meddle in the affair, saying he was only lord of Japan, not lord of the sea.

Poor Cocks returned crestfallen to Hirado, and things went from bad to worse with the factory. No more ships arrived for it, though the Dutch again insulted it by bringing in two more English prizes; brawls between the English and other nationalities were frequent, and the former had rank injustice if they appealed to law. To increase Cocks's worries, there were no profits to be made, and, owing to the illness of his subordinates, his books had got into a muddle. "God send us well out of Japan, for I doubt it will be every day worse than ever," is one of the gloomy entries in his diary.

It was during this time of British decadence in Japan that William Adams died. He had all along played for his own hand, but one

of his last recorded actions was assisting two Englishmen to escape from Dutch captivity. The news of his death reached England in the following words of good Mr. Cocks, a forgiving soul, for the departed had sometimes been a thorn in his side.

Our good friend Captain William Adams, who was so long before us in Japan, departed out of this world the 16th of May last [i.e. in 1620] and made Mr. Wm. Eaton and myself his overseers, giving the one half of his estate to his wife and child in England, and the other half to a son and a daughter he hath in Japan. . . . I cannot but be sorrowful for the loss of such a man as Captain William Adams was, he having been in such favour with two Emperors of Japan, as never was Christian in these parts of the world, and might freely have entered and had speech with the Emperors, when many Japan kings stood without and could not be permitted. And this Emperor hath confirmed the lordship to his son, which the other Emperor gave to his father.

The cause of Adams's death is unknown, as well as the age at which it took place. Probably he was from fifty-seven to sixty. Despite his traditional burial near Yedo, Professor Riess conjectures that he died at Hirado, as his inventory was drawn up in the English factory within six days of his death. That factory was not destined to survive for long. After a period during which Dutch and English worked harmoniously in Japan, the massacre at the Spice Islands in 1623, for which Cromwell later exacted an indemnity, brought about a final rupture. Soon afterwards the English Company withdrew entirely from Japanese trade, having in ten years incurred a net loss of about £40,000.

WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

PRISONERS ON PRISONS.

IN England the study of crime, its causes and its cure, is the hobby of a few, but it should be, and is, the business of many outside the ranks of those officially engaged in the detection and punishment of criminals. Of this study the prison is an important department, though by no means so important as is generally imagined. Discipline is maintained in the State, no less than in the army and in schools, not so much by fear of punishment, as by educating the common-sense of the many to the knowledge that submission to authority is the best policy for the individual, as it is for the community. The forces arrayed against each other are, then, on the one hand the baser and more short-sighted instincts of human nature, which, in an environment of bodily and mental disease, poverty, drunkenness, insanitary dwellings and evil tradition, tend towards crime; on the other hand, medical science, religion, domestic ties, philanthropy, and all the machinery of local government. To these latter the prison,—that is to say, punishment—is but a humble ally.

In the mind of the casual observer, however, the position that the prison holds is something very different. For him an atmosphere of romance is created by the stories of Chillon, of Bruce and the spider, and of the prison-breaking exploits of Jack Sheppard. His curiosity is aroused by its apparent mystery, by the reticence of the officials, by its very form, and by the idea that it may be the temporary home of some crimi-

nal notoriety; while, if of finer feeling, he may be moved to pity for the sufferings which he imagines are being borne by fellow-creatures within its walls. To satisfy the appetite of such a public, there has of recent years been a steady flow of books on prisons by ex-prisoners and others. Nearly thirty years ago *FIVE YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE* had more than a temporary success, for it was one of the causes which gave birth to Lord Kimberley's Commission on the Penal Servitude Acts. Later came Mr. Michael Davitt's *LEAVES FROM A PRISON DIARY*, a book which gratified the taste for morbid things, and is, furthermore, full of curious studies of criminal types; while of another class is the series of *SCENES FROM A SILENT WORLD*, sketches depicting the prison and the prisoner as seen by an intelligent visitor, drawn with a delicate touch, and alive with sympathy for human suffering and human weakness. The vogue of this personal and descriptive class of reading shows the hold that the prison has on the popular imagination, and accounts for the multiplication of books of prison experiences during the last few years; by the appearance, for example, of *PENAL SERVITUDE* by an ex-convict, whose identity was hardly concealed under the initials W. B. N., of *TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN SEVENTEEN PRISONS* by a gaol-bird of wide experience, and by a series of articles in a popular magazine, the work of another ex-convict, which he entitled *FIVE YEARS PENAL*.

Everything depends upon the point of view, and later on I shall have

something to say about that taken by writers from the outside, men of letters and officials. For the moment, however, it is necessary, in order to assess the value of the descriptions and criticisms set forth in these three works, to examine the point of view of the ex-convict. Circumstances have given to me the opportunity of seeing something of a sufficient number of men who have served their time to gain a fair insight into the salient characteristics common to the members of the class,—a temperament, self-conscious, vain, credulous, and sanguine; and although, without a personal knowledge of the writers in question, it is impossible to describe their several characteristics, it is not unfair to assume that they possess those which are common to the ex-convicts whom one has studied. And the assumption is justified by an examination of the books. Moreover the abnormal atmosphere of convict, as of monastic, life tends to produce a form of hysteria which, in the case of the monk, induces a state of spiritual exaltation, and in the case of the prisoner, who lacks the monkish ideals, shows itself in an exaggeration of his temperamental defects. So much for the psychology of the point of view. As to its material side, one need not be a criminal to sympathise with the prisoner, who, naturally, is not prejudiced in favour of the authority holding him in check; in fact, it is this sympathy which in weaker members of the community is liable to be perverted by the class of literature under review into that dangerous channel of humanitarianism which is cruel in its kindness. In reading these books by ex-convicts one is struck with the way in which trivial incidents are exaggerated, with the generalisations deduced from isolated facts, and with the narrowness and the distorted perspective of the outlook. But con-

sidering the surroundings of the writers, the fact that they are cut off from communication with the world at large, these apparent peculiarities are not unnatural.

In a community of which everyone is a member against his will, in which everyone is suffering under a sense of gross injustice (for convicts, we read, have the gift of persuading themselves that either their conviction was unmerited or that the sentence was out of all proportion to the crime), where men have to be kept in hand by strict discipline, who are accustomed to act either on the impulse of passion or with calculation for their own interests, without any regard to the loss or suffering enjoined on others,—in such a community one should not be disappointed at finding the ethical and social standards set rather low down. For reading between the lines one discovers that there is a standard of public opinion in a convict prison, and that there are many who do not act up to its level. The anti-social instinct of some of these men is such that they are incapable of living even with their fellow-sinners without scheming for their own aggrandisement at a comrade's expense. In *TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN SEVENTEEN PRISONS* there is an account of a quarrel between two convicts, originating in one suspecting the other of having betrayed him to the authorities in the matter of some contraband article, which ended in the weaker man being thrown into a brick-kiln. W. B. N. recounts several incidents of a similar nature, as does the author of *FIVE YEARS PENAL*. The proverb which implies the existence of honour among thieves would seem to receive its quietus in prison, if we are to believe the stories told in these books; and, perhaps, it is as well for the authorities that it should be so, for it appears that a combination of any

importance among prisoners is always betrayed before the climax arrives.

Another feature of prison life seems to be its gossip and its credulity. One reads of an incident quickly becoming known all over the prison, and one wonders mildly why the rule of silence exists; but keeping in view the circumscribed outlook of the gossipers, one does not wonder at their abnormal credulity. An essential to the enjoyment of gossip, whether in the cathedral close or the wards of a prison, is the capacity for accepting it as truth, and the degeneration of the critical powers which makes this capacity is, in both places, a result of monotonous surroundings, and lack of interest in the doings of the world outside. But in the convict prison this lack of interest is caused by the enforced absence of news; it is not inherent. On the contrary, next to an illicit supply of tobacco, a page of a newspaper surreptitiously introduced would command the greatest price; and according to the writer of *FIVE YEARS PENAL* such luxuries are all too common, as, consequently, must be the venal warder. But the stories of this man, who, by the way, has also contributed prison experiences to weekly and daily papers, are so surprising that they must be taken with a grain of salt, more especially as he is at pains to record the statement that he has suffered from the morphia habit, a habit which does not, to say the least of it, exercise a restraining influence on the imagination of its victims.

I have hinted earlier at the vanity and self-consciousness of the criminal type, and they are well illustrated in prison literature. The fact that a man should find satisfaction in seeing his name on the title-page of a book as its author is in ordinary circumstances natural and by no means blameworthy; but to obtain such

gratification at the cost of reminding relatives and friends of his moral downfall shows a want of self-respect bordering on vain-gloriousness. The line taken by one of these writers who palliates his crime at the expense of the man whom he defrauded, of the judge who sentenced him, and of the Press which approved his sentence, is rather depressing, but is typical of the whole. In fact, the only real interest of these books lies in the sidelights which they throw on the psychology of criminals, and, indirectly, on the effect which imprisonment has on the character and temperament of those who have been through it. When we come to search for suggestions as to improvements in the system, the field is found to be barren, for the prisoner's view is necessarily narrow. The detail which offends him fills his mental vision, whether it be a question of diet or of discipline; and these two features, in one form or another, would appear to obscure all others. From the praise bestowed on the medical department, and knowing the supremacy of the doctor on questions of food in all public institutions, it is difficult to believe that any prisoner suffers in consequence of the insufficiency of his rations, or from their poor quantity. One need not be a great administrator, or even an experienced housekeeper, to see that sufficiency without waste can only be attained if the members of the community mess together. Then an average of consumption can be arrived at and there will be no waste; but for disciplinary reasons we may take it that prisoners' messes would be impracticable. At all events they have to take their meals apart, each in his own cell, and a fixed ration must be issued to each man. This, we understand, can be supplemented by the doctor, so none can be said to go hungry. On the

other hand, there must be a large amount of waste, for those who have more than they require cannot give the surplus to their neighbours, and with cellular catering it cannot be avoided. On one question,—that of the evils of association in convict prisons without a more highly developed system of classification—convict-authors agree. At present the line is drawn between men undergoing their first term of imprisonment and the remainder; and considering that a sentence of penal servitude is never awarded for a first offence, except in cases of grave crimes of passion or of serious fraud by one in a position of trust, the latter by men of education and with family ties which will probably prevent their being drawn into the vortex of crime, we can appreciate W. B. N.'s point, when he suggests that association among themselves by men of this class is not likely to be materially injurious. But as to the others, looking at the question from the broad point of view of worldly experience, no one can doubt that the standard of the community will be formed on the lines of the strongest personality. In a community composed of men whose power of resistance to temptation was not strong enough to restrain them from a first lapse, whose moral strength has necessarily grown weaker with each succeeding fall, there cannot be one whose influence for good is sufficiently potent to sway his companions. Given, then, an atmosphere of evil, it may be assumed that the personality of the man who has had most success in crime, or most experience of prisons, or is the most daring in defiance of authority, will set the tone. Under such conditions, we must take it that, except in the case of those segregated as first offenders, a convict prison is more

punitive than reformatory. That is the worst that can be fairly said; but in his criticisms of the system the man who has spent twenty-five years in seventeen prisons is not quite logical. "So long," he writes, "as the present gang system obtains, a force is at work which can produce but one result, viz., the manufacture of criminals. Every working party in every prison in the country is an incubator, and produces through the infallible law of cause and effect, a daily brood of criminal chickens." The point of this passage turns upon the words *manufacture* and *incubator*; but a manufactory deals with raw material, and an incubator with a form of life which has not yet taken shape. If the recruits who join the gangs of convict prisons were made of the raw material of innocence, or were filled with the negative virtues and the interesting possibilities of an egg, the metaphor would be absolutely true. It must be remembered, however, that the manufacturing and hatching processes have been consummated outside the prison, that the manufactory and the incubator are to be found in those conditions of life enumerated at the commencement of this article as working towards crime; the results of which only reach the prison when they have drifted through the preventive and reformatory agencies set up to save them. It is not fair to say that the prison manufactures criminals; on the other hand, statistics of reconvictions show that it does not reform them; therefore, say the convict and the unphilosophical observer, the prison is a failure. The student of criminology, however, must take a broader view. The reason for the existence of capital punishment is the hope that it may deter others from committing murder. Similarly, the only reason for the imprisonment of a man, whose cure

will not probably be effected by it, is the certainty that if he went unpunished others would be more likely to follow in his footsteps, to their own condemnation and to the undoing of the community. Some form of punishment must be kept in hand for the deterrence of those who are not amenable to social laws, and civilisation has hitherto failed to evolve anything better than deprivation of liberty under penal conditions.

What form those conditions take in this country is the feature in prison literature which interests the general public, for a knowledge of the existing state of things is necessary before improvements can be considered. To attain such knowledge a perusal of these books will be found useful; though, as has been said before, the student of criminology will look mainly for side-lights on the varying criminal individualities, and to the views which the writers express on the results of prison treatment upon themselves and others. But when we come to examine criticisms and recommendations, taking first him of the twenty-five years' experience, the results are disappointing. He suggests that the "commercial element in the employment of convict labour" should be eliminated, for to this he attributes the "promiscuous association," being apparently under the impression that it is with a view to making prisons self-supporting that such association exists. If this be the idea of the Home Office, it cannot be congratulated on success, for the estimates for the Department are still considerable, nor do they show any sign of annual decrease. It is generally supposed that the associated work in convict prisons was adopted as being more humane than the alternative of keeping a man in a cell by himself for a long term of years; while in the ordinary local prisons

the opposition of Trade Unions to the State-supported output of manufactures is said to make it exceedingly difficult to find profitable or even useful work for their inmates. The military element he also thinks too strong in prison administration. That is a moot point, but as he goes on to suggest more highly paid officials as an alternative, we fear that the economising spirit of the Treasury will bar a trial. Under another heading it is suggested that "an opportunity should be given to every person to start life afresh under favourable conditions." The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society exists to ensure such chances to those willing to make use of them; but, it is suggested, County Councils should establish public workshops to meet this need, or, failing that, a larger sum of money should be handed over to prisoners on discharge than is now the rule. The efficacy of the latter does not strike one as being demonstrated, while, if local authorities are to set up public workshops, it should be in the interests, primarily, of those who have not yet fallen into paths of crime. Another suggestion is the institution of "mutual improvement" classes in convict prisons, and the author thinks that a "counteracting influence" to the "vicious agencies" would be so produced. If worked by carefully selected instructors from outside, such an institution might have good results; but the "mutual" idea, for reasons stated previously by this writer himself, would tend to vice rather than to reformation. That a free interview with a parent, a wife, or a child would produce a "wonderful effect upon most men," and that the encouragement of instrumental music in prisons would operate powerfully as a reforming agency, are the two final suggestions.

It has been said that the view of

the convict is narrow; and if these six suggestions embody the experiences of twenty-five years, we are justified in our conclusion. W. B. N. suggests improvements in food, more especially in the matter of vegetables, and an extension of the privileges of talking and of earning remission amongst the less hardened, and then devotes himself to the inequalities of sentences. The first two are worth consideration; the third, by far the most important, lands us at the door of a very serious and insurmountable problem. The fact is that in the administration of criminal law the only factor that is constant is the prison. There nothing is left to chance; neither sentimentality nor passion can alter the course of events, for the nature of imprisonment is laid down by statute, and its details are filled in by orders of the Secretary of State amplified by instructions from the Prisons Board. The once convicted criminal thus knows what form his punishment will take, if he is caught and convicted; but his capture will depend very largely on the intelligence of the police and his own cunning, both varying factors. If caught, the skill of his advocate and the dulness or sympathy of a jury may ward off conviction; and if convicted, his sentence may be for any term, from one day to a long period of penal servitude, depending, in part, upon the gravity of his offence, and, in part, upon the temperament and prejudices of the presiding judge. As W. B. N. points out, and illustrates, this last factor introduces an enormous element of chance; but until all men's minds are equally balanced,—when judges would become unnecessary—or until a fixed ratio of punishment is laid down for every variety of offence, this uncertainty must exist. And the adoption of the latter system would probably lead to more hardship

than does the present one, for it would be obviously impossible to provide for circumstances which are never the same in any two cases.

Two chapters of *PENAL SERVITUDE* are devoted to criticising certain articles in the London daily journals and some papers contributed by Mr. George Griffith to *PEARSON'S MAGAZINE*. The latter have recently been republished in book form, with a number of other articles descriptive of prisons by the same writer. W. B. N. comments severely on the mention of his own and other names by one or other of these journalists; and the fact that any individual, while behind the barrier, should be brought before the public in a descriptive article on a prison, is certainly in questionable taste. The differences between the author of *PENAL SERVITUDE* and Mr. Griffith are, however, principally concerned with details, on which the former, as an inhabitant of Parkhurst Prison for several years, is more likely to be accurate than the casual visitor. The statement of the latter that his articles were "passed as correct" by both the governor of the establishment in question and by the Prison Commission is hardly satisfying; for it appears to the outsider that the duties of these authorities would be completed when they had satisfied themselves that there was nothing in the articles subversive of discipline or detrimental to the public interest. This little passage of arms between the writer from inside the prison and the looker-on from without is only alluded to here to assist us in judging of the value of the point of view of the latter. The descriptions of the places visited, as well as the illustrations in the book, appear to be full and detailed, but in reading *SIDE-LIGHTS ON CONVICT LIFE* one does not feel that one has got any further,

either in the unravelling of the problems of penology, or in acquaintance with the convict from the psychological standpoint.

Of a more weighty calibre were the series of articles published in *THE DAILY MAIL* last October. Though the writer, seemingly, started on his task with little knowledge of the subject, he was evidently equipped with a keen power of observation, and perhaps had facilities denied to less fortunate journalists. Certainly his articles, whether descriptive of prisons or descriptive of their work and results, leave the reader with a feeling that he has learned something, and with an appetite for more. Here, again, we have an instance of the observations of the onlooker being checked by a critic from inside, for this series of papers was followed by two articles written by an ex-convict of superior intelligence and with some gifts of composition. Unfortunately for the enquirer, his articles are marred by a personal bitterness which makes one distrust his fairness as a critic; and he falls into the same error that we have noticed on a previous page, namely, basing his argument against the prison system on the fallacy that good men are made evil by its influence. The fact being that the elimination of first offenders from the sphere of habitual criminals is a safeguard against the propaganda of crime which is so sedulously insisted upon by the ex-convict.

Books which deal with penology, that is to say with punishment as a branch of social science, are not numerous in this country, though they range from *PRINCIPLES OF MORALS AND LEGISLATION*, first published over one hundred and twenty years ago, and in its later editions developing the utilitarian philosophy of Jeremy Bentham, to *PUNISHMENT*

AND REFORMATION by an American (Dr. F. H. Wines) and Mr. Havelock Ellis's *THE CRIMINAL*. Of this more serious form of prison literature, the student will find Dr. Wines's book the most comprehensive guide to the knowledge of criminological matters yet published. In this article, however, it was intended to deal with the literature of the prison rather than of penology, and these books are only mentioned for the guidance of anyone who may desire to pursue the subject from the concrete to the abstract. On the other hand, having dealt with the point of view of the prisoner and of the outside observer, it is but fair to glance at the official view as set forth in the *Annual Report of the Commissioners of Prisons*. A blue-book is not the most attractive form of reading, and this particular volume with its statistics and returns, its reports by governors, chaplains and medical officers, containing none of those exciting tales which adorn the pages of an ex-convict's book, would not appeal to the general public. There are, nevertheless, in the Report passages full of hopefulness and pointing towards progress. It has been suggested more than once in this paper that the prison, as a punitive instrument, is the last resort of civilisation in its war against crime, and no one will deny that the less punishment there is, commensurate with the public safety, the better. It is, then, more than satisfactory to see endeavours being made to reduce the punishment of the prison at both ends of the scale, substituting for it, in the case of the class called juvenile adults, a reformatory treatment; and for the hopelessly irreclaimable, putting forth a scheme, the details of which are not more than hinted at, under which these people shall be restrained from depredations on society under conditions, irksome no doubt, but not

punitive. These two schemes, of which the former is in its infancy and the latter but foreshadowed, will, as they develop, narrow the field of punishment on both sides. We may count upon the new treatment of these youths as yet another obstacle that the young criminal must pass before his downward career lands him in a state of habitual criminality. Already, we learn from the Report, steps are to be taken to multiply these establishments, by allocating a part of certain prisons in different parts of the country to the reception of juvenile adults. So far Borstal has been the scene of the experiment in the case of youths committed to terms of imprisonment, and Dartmoor in the case of those sent to penal servitude; and the officials in charge of both these establishments speak hopefully of success.

The Prison Board is to be congratulated on their two new schemes

for dealing with crime; on the one hand, a purgatory in which the criminally-inclined youth may be purified, as well as punished, and so have a chance of social salvation; and on the other, a limbo for the detention of habitual and professional organisers of crime, on whom experience has shown that punishment has no effect, but whose seclusion is necessary as a safeguard to the community at large, and as a means of preventing contamination. When these two developments have become mature, and if means of carrying out a stricter classification of the criminals who belong to neither of these categories can be arrived at, the convict-writer of the future will no longer be able to allege, as he so often does now, in excuse for his criminality, that his evil propensities have been increased by contact with others worse than himself under the roof of a prison.

CRIMINOLOGIST.

THE ENGLISH THEATRE.

THE recent discussion about the English drama has done some good, in bringing the matter to a definite issue by asking the question, can the English theatre be anything but a business carried on for profit? Sir Squire Bancroft answered the question when he declared that he kept a shop and conducted it on the shopkeeper's principles. That was more sensible and more honest than talking about the artistic mission of the commercial theatre. We have gained something and cleared our minds of cant when we recognise that the first and last aim of the English theatre is to make money. It may have other aims, such as the glorification of individual actors with the consequent distortion of a play's natural construction, but these aims are not general, nor openly avowed.

In fact, the theatrical manager is in the same position as any other shopkeeper; he can live only by pleasing his customers. The theatrical, like the drapery, trade has its leading establishments, its Bond Street houses, its suburban emporiums, and its little shops in back streets. The sales indicate the means, knowledge, intelligence, and ideals of the patrons who are attracted and retained by the enterprise and shrewdness of the shopkeeper, and particularly by the judgment he shows in selecting the season's novelties. The intelligent tradesman sees, and the most intelligent sees first, a change in his clients' taste. If through Ruskin, or William Morris, or South Kensington, they have heard of art, the intelligent tradesman gives them art-fabrics and

art-furniture, varying the fabrics and patterns as required. But he does not go about claiming to be an artist, and declaring that his object in life is to create a love of the Beautiful. He is satisfied with his profits. The theatrical manager goes to work in the same way. He has his spring shows and his autumn shows, and he sets off his wares with idealism or romanticism, with art or poetry as he thinks best. These are only the lures for his public, the means to his profits. Unfortunately, the commercial manager makes the mistake which the draper avoids; he will go about saying that he lives for art and poetry, and all the other pretty things. He deceives himself and the truth is not in him. He cannot afford to live for poetry and art: at the best he can do so only so far as his public will let him; and we know the sort of art and how much of it the commercial manager's customers want. So far as it is art, it is the spectacular art which uses colour and light, scenery, crowds, and costumes for sensuous effects. The large stages and the mechanical resources of the modern theatre are favourable to spectacle which sometimes deserves to rank as an artistic creation. The attraction of colour, of ordered movement, and of balanced mass is universal; but the pleasure it gives is scarcely intellectual. The love of a show is common to the women of the people and the women of society, and to the men of all classes whose senses and minds are as those of a little child. The masque, which was also a show, was immensely popular

in England in the spacious days of great Eliza and the less spacious days of James Stuart. Spectacle is the modern form, and when it is well done there is nothing to say against it, except that it is not dramatic; it reduces drama to a mere accessory. Spectacle, because it is a living, natural, and progressive art, will probably kill drama. Ruskin opened the eyes of the English people, and now that they have been educated beyond the primary contrasts, they can enjoy refinements of colour and tone which did not exist for the early Victorians. It is a great gain, though not a gain to drama, and if the taste for spectacle continues to grow, the dramatic part of it will be represented by the commercial manager standing at the proscenium delivering explanatory verse, while objects and creatures of surpassing beauty defile before a succession of panorama-cloths.

That, or something of the kind, will probably be the sole advance in the art of the theatre if playgoers continue to educate their eyes and neglect their intellects. The present discussion began with the reformers saying that we had no national theatre. The apologists of the commercial theatre rent the clouds with denials and protestations, and quoted the receipts of box-offices. They asserted that the English people had a national drama which they loved next after their national Church and their national sport. They argued that, just as every nation has the laws it deserves, so it has the drama it deserves, an argument (if it be one) which anyone can meet by denying the premiss and the analogy as well. No one on either side has told us what he understands by national drama. Perhaps it is an innate idea, or it may be that exactness is considered pedantic and likely to pre-

vent controversialists from arguing high and low and round about them. Even at that cost it is better to know what we are talking about, and greatly daring I will hazard a definition. National drama is the kind of drama which reflects the temper, manners, thought, and custom peculiar to any country.

Let us test our plays by this definition and see how far they reflect our national life. There is the important matter of religion. How far does our drama reflect the religious life of the nation? So far as *THE SIGN OF THE CROSS*. Even the commercial apologists see the inadequacy of this reflection, and yield the point by saying that it is irreverent to treat sacred themes in the theatre. The Greeks did not think so, nor the Christians of the ages of faith. Modern France and Germany produce religious plays. England does not and cannot; and when we allow ministers of religion on the stage, the Anglican clergyman is an example of benignant and gentlemanlike piety, the Nonconformist an obvious hypocrite, and the Catholic priest ascetic in England, jovial in Ireland, and diplomatic in the Latin countries. Surely the gifts of Providence are not distributed with such mechanical exactitude. However that may be, there is clearly no place for religion on the English stage, and there is one vital element of society ruled out of the drama.

Let us next take politics. Now, people do not agree on politics, and disagreements may produce disorder, and nothing hurts business so much as disorder or the fear of it. The theatre, managers say, gets a bad name with respectable people who have no politics. I am sorry for this, because I am sure that there is good dramatic material in politics. What an admirable political play Lord Beaconsfield could have written! And is not the

commercial manager like all capitalists rather timorous? I should not damage the theatre if my neighbour showed excessive (and unreasonable) delight in the Conservative speeches; I should possess my soul in peace, knowing that my man would have his turn before long. And that of course is what most people would do. To see the female politician on the stage, and the duchess who makes or unmakes ministries in the society-papers! And then the scope for intrigue! But it is all a vain dream; there is no room for politics in the English drama.

These explosive themes, however, do not exhaust life. There is the vast field of character conditioned by occupation; the professions, commerce, and labour. In this field the novelists have found their best material. Their doctors, lawyers, parsons, shopkeepers, farmers, and labourers are human beings whom we love or hate just as if they were alive. We know their looks and speech and gait and habitual gestures. The course and accidents of their lives make the plot and incidents of great novels. The ambitions of lawyers, the ideals of doctors, the affairs of merchants, and the petty commerce of the small shop hold the stuff of pathos, humour, and tragedy; but not in the theatre. There they must creep into the husks of conventional types; they lose their individuality, and in the dry air of the stage the juices of their vitality evaporate. They degenerate into bits of character and comic relief if they are lawyers or doctors; men of science and scholars are usually represented as little better than fools outside their own professions; the lower middle-class are either comic absurdities with ridiculous names such as Tickletop and Gushington, or in serious plays they are mere figure-heads.

It seems a pity. Allowing for the difference of method, surely what is interesting in the literary form could be made interesting in the dramatic form. The fortunes of a business firm have dramatic possibilities which would be effective on the stage if faithfully observed and faithfully presented. If we can scarcely expect to recognise the partners, perhaps the managers, or at least the clerks, are persons within our knowledge. At less effort, though with less awe, we could understand them better than the sumptuous aristocrats whose emotions are always but dimly realised by commoners. Why then is the drama implicit in the lives of the English people never seen on the stage? It is conventionalised in domestic plays and caricatured in melodrama. Why do we never get the real thing?

It is partly, I take it, because the English are a deferential people, partly because they are sentimental materialists (a combination that is supposed to produce idealism), and partly for another reason. The deferential Englishman likes to see lords and ladies on the stage just as he likes to see them in cocked hats and tiaras in the illustrated papers, or joking with difficulty in *PUNCH*. He does not think that they are over-represented on theatrical programmes, or that their importance in plays is so much greater than it is in the actual world. To him they are an ambition and an ideal. Aristocrats fill him with awe, millionaires strike him with terror; their misfortunes inspire him with pity, and in that way he gets the Aristotelian katharsis. The idealist who hates everything that he calls low will not have common people on the stage unless they are amusing or contemptible. So the drunken and unlicensed plumber becomes the representative of the English working

classes. That plumber shows how far we have got towards a national drama.

The other reason is that which prevents the commercial manager from exploiting (as he would say) the play of contemporary life. He is not prejudiced against such plays: he is as ready to make money out of truth as out of falsehood; but he is in the hands of his paymasters. One thing his audience will not suffer; they will not see their daily lives, the details of their business, the way they make their fortunes, and the way they realise their social aspirations, put upon the stage for the delight and edification of their neighbours and acquaintances. They shrink from seeing themselves reflected on the stage. This also is idealism.

The obscure mental processes of these classes have produced a rule of ethics which recognises how hard it is to make a decent income and keep your wife and family in a fair position, which says that we are all in the same boat and declares that the unpardonable sin is, in the elegant language of our day, to give the show away. This rule condemns most of what is true in literature and drama. It is the exceeding bitter cry of the Ephesian silversmiths; Ephesus and England are at one. The average man cares very little about truth in literature or art, but he cares very much for keeping himself and his wife and family in that state of suburban society to which he has been called. Naturally the commercial manager leaves truth out of his plays, and the national drama languishes.

There is one test that should be applied, because it seems to give the commercial drama a chance. Its apologists have no difficulty in showing that it has little or nothing to do with intellect; but in the domain of feeling it rules paramount. It appeals

directly to the primary universal instincts, which are common to men and the other animals. Time, and the revolving seasons, and the high rents of theatres in central London, have largely restricted the peculiar domain of the drama. Few of the elementary instincts pay on the stage, and as a matter of fact, they are reduced to the emotion of love. We regret the fact, and hope to be compensated by the perfection that comes from concentration. Passion is the most dramatic form of this emotion, yet passion is unknown on the modern stage. All the sub-varieties of love can be seen there; the tender, the lady-like, the "nice," and the jolly, but not passion, not the one and highest form of love that ought to be there. I remember seeing it on the stage once in Mr. Jones's *MICHAEL AND HIS LOST ANGEL*, one of the greatest achievements of our contemporary drama, and the occasion of one of the greatest mistakes of the daily newspapers. Their criticisms, resting on the usually safe idea that the British public are as moral as Artemus Ward's kangaroo, expressed a maidenly and outraged modesty, dumb before *THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY* and *THE GAY LORD QUEX*. This time the professional moralisers were too moral for their clients. A large majority of the public supported the play in the theatre as well as in the drawing-room. It was a lesson to anyone inclined to despair of the English theatre, for it showed that there is a public for natural and sincere plays, and that the commercial manager cannot afford to produce them.

The commercial manager is only carrying on the traditions of his class. With rare exceptions the theatre in this country has always been commercial. The popularity of some Shakespearian plays did not mean

that the public cared particularly for the poetic drama; it meant that they cared very much to see Kean, John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons. In the absence of "stars" the theatres of the palmy days were as commercial as our own, and as ready to attract the public with melodrama, menageries, and circuses. That was long before the cry for Free Trade in the drama, or, to speak accurately, before the anti-monopoly agitation. There has always been Free Trade in drama; the dramatic produce of France, Italy, and Germany have never paid import duty. As a countervailing duty was impracticable, it is hard to see why this source of revenue was overlooked. At all events the anti-monopolists won, and the era of Free Trade in drama began in spite of the people who argued that Free Trade is a theory of trade and not of art, and pointed out that the art of Greece, Italy, Spain, and Holland was produced in economic conditions much nearer Protection than Free Trade. Is Velasquez lodged in the Escorial an instance of free competition? Were not the St. Catherines and St. Sebastians, and the other saints whose portraits the copyists produced by the score, the true products of supply and demand? The result of applying trade principles to the drama has been to make it a trade, and to limit the relation of manager and audience to that of shopkeeper and customer. We have seen how much reflection of life there is in the commercial theatre. "Our people don't care about that kind of thing," the managers say, and apparently get their most successful plays at the Army and Navy Stores. I do not know what our officers are like in action, but in the theatre they are of an astounding simplicity, of a pathetic conservatism. Having seen Captain Hood's *SWEET AND TWENTY* and Captain Marshall's *SECOND IN*

COMMAND I should say that Captain Hood got his psychology from Captain Marshall, if that did not bar the only possible source of Captain Marshall's psychology. Yet their plays are the only kind of national drama (besides adaptations of Dante and Homeric panoramas) that we have got from the commercial manager. He is satisfied with the theatre as it is and with the dividends it pays, and if it pays none he is kept going by the syndicates that renew themselves by fissure. It is no affair of his that since Goldsmith and Sheridan the drama has contributed nothing to English literature, and that while the characters of our great novelists have become part of the life and thought of the English people not a single character, not a single speech or phrase from the English drama is either remembered or quoted.

The commercial manager then can do nothing to remedy the critical condition of the theatre. If any competent and impartial person thinks that its condition is satisfactory he had better run over a list of the plays of the last few years and see how near they come to being a national drama. I can recall only one, MR. AND MRS. DAVENTRY, which had more than a superficial relation to life. Mr. Jones, having apparently come to the conclusion that the theatre is not the place for human nature, is now satisfied with amusing the classes and the dependents of class. Mr. Pinero always has one eye on his play and the other on the box-office, with the result that his serious pieces are mainly examples of compromise. The psychology of his heroines is either accidental or arbitrary; they usually yield to the hero, but they always yield to the plot, and his *coups de théâtre* are as dangerous to the piece as they are to the furniture. In short, most of the plays of this, as indeed of

almost any period, are meant to amuse people who have been working hard all day and have had either too much or too little dinner. Their object is permissible, but it has nothing to do with the dramatic art.

Bicycling, golf, and the music-hall have affected the business side of the theatre, and on the other side the impetus derived from Dumas *filis*, Augier, and Ibsen has spent itself. The theatre is losing its audience and its inspiration. That is why the question of an endowed theatre has come up again. The intelligent minority will not go to the theatre, an assertion which is not disproved by giving lists of successful men and women who go to the first nights that are fashionable among a certain class of people who believe themselves to be fashionable. People are getting tired of the theatre, of its cheap effects, its coarse methods, its vain repetitions, its stock personages, its unreality, and its ignorance of life. Already they say that the dramatic form is exhausted, that its capacities have been over-estimated, that its vividness and directness are attained at the cost of truth and delicacy, that its necessary conditions gravely limit its range and reduce it to a relative inferiority. There is ground for these complaints, and evident danger that the methods of the stage are crystallising into rigid patterns. It has ceased to progress, a fatal sign of deterioration, as in the Italian painting, but that occurred after getting very near to perfection.

The deterioration of the stage is a serious matter. The loss of any form of art is the loss of a high pleasure, and the stage can get certain æsthetic results better than any other form. And if we are not to lose the results, the drama must find a means of renewing itself. It must develop some neglected methods and discard those

that are worn out. It must learn to treat the primary instincts in the spirit of truth and not in the spirit of melodrama. We do not want explosions of crude emotion, or character expressed by catchwords, and we do want a more simple and flexible framework. The rigid mechanical plot is worn out. Plot is a necessity of drama, but not its material or its essence. There cannot be plays without plots? Certainly, and there cannot be houses without foundations, but that is no reason for living in the cellars. Action there must be, but not merely physical action. Motion is not of itself dramatic. Before movement can be dramatic it must be intelligible, and have behind it an intellectual or emotional state which it expresses or interprets. A play which shows a man rushing about the stage assaulting people, getting under tables, or hiding in cupboards, has action; but unless we know why he does these things, and unless he does them with reasonable and sufficient motive the action is not dramatic; it is only absurd. And violent action is often less dramatic than suspended action. Two men slashing each other with bowie-knives are less impressive than two men at issue under intense and controlled emotion. These are elementary matters, but since the University Extension lecturers revived Aristotle, you may always have him thrown at you by people who have not grasped the difference between the Greek and English drama.

We want, then, emotion that is sincere, plot that is simple and flexible, action that is necessary and interpretative. The drama should be able to state character; after that it should be able to give an exposition of character, and perhaps it might in time learn to exhibit the growth, development, and culmination of character,

and how it reacts under the pressure of event and circumstance. It could go further, and combine emotion, temperament, and intellect. Some day it might characterise emotion. For instance, why should all queens express emotion in exactly the same way, which happens to be the way of the actress who plays them? Queens, like their subjects, have their individual styles of expressing feeling. Berengaria of Cyprus and Anne of Austria probably did not feel in precisely the same fashion; they experienced the same emotions no doubt but not in the same degree, and they should be made to show them in their own way. That is to characterise emotion, and it can be done with kings as well as queens, and with the commonalty also. Dramatists, preoccupied with movement and action, have neglected speech as a means of revealing character, and they do not seem to know that the sound and cadence of language can express varieties of mood. In plays loaded with plot and incident dialogue must be explanatory. A natural and delicate method of expression, such as speech and language of this kind, has to be sacrificed; it demands more attention than the average playgoer will ever give, and more intelligence and cultivation than we have any right to expect of him. But no one expects that the average playgoer will

reform or improve the drama. The minority must do that.

The playgoer who has made the exodus from the theatrical nursery is in the reverse situation to the lover of music. There is music for the populace and music for the connoisseur. If you like Raff and Gade and Tschaihowsky, you can hear them; if you prefer symphonies to the marches of De Sousa, they are to be had. It is not the same with the lover of drama and acting. There are no symphonies and Ruffs and Gades for him; he must put up with the lower forms of the art he loves. He has realised his position, and the demand for the endowed theatre is a demand for a higher form of art. It will be met in the theatre, as it was met in the concert-room, by the associated effort of private people. When musical people could not get what they wanted, they joined together and founded societies for oratorio, for instrumental music, for symphony, and for anything else they desired, with the result that the taste of the musical public is immeasurably higher, more informed, and more exacting than the taste of the theatrical public. Music has a standard, the theatre has not. Is there as much interest in the theatre as in music? If there be, those who care for it can do what the musical people have done.

C. G. COMPTON.

CATHARINE THE SECOND AND HER COURT.

THE regular march of Russian aggression, or, let us say, expansion during the last two centuries has been a striking and, to those people who do not happen to be Russians, an alarming phenomenon. But a closer scrutiny of contemporary facts in the light of the history that has led up to them tends on the whole to show that the alarm which the great Empire of the North inspires in her neighbours (and to-day the phrase covers nearly all nations of the globe) is, if not indeed unreal, at least greatly exaggerated. For instance, one of the most prominent features of the situation to-day is that Russia, by the very fact of her expansion in the Far East, has curtailed her own possibilities of expansion to the South. The secret of the long tragedies of Armenia and Macedonia lies largely in her incapacity of acting under modern conditions in two directions at once. And this incapacity, or at least its recognition by Russian statesmen, is a fact of comparatively recent origin.

In the eighteenth century indeed Russia struggled with a reckless and feverish energy for territorial expansion in all directions, displaying in the process a relentless purpose and a lavishness of blood and treasure, and achieving a success only equalled by our own. The truth is that the great empire-building period of Russia coincides almost with that of England. Roughly speaking, Catharine the Second was the contemporary of the two Pitts, and in many ways the types of character developed in the two countries during

that tumultuous period are, in spite of a great racial difference, singularly akin. It is not impossible that the Russian type has subsequently undergone much the same modifications as our own, has experienced a certain cooling of the blood, a change from the recklessness of youth to that modern prudential temper which prevails, on the whole, among us latter-day English. What is clear, at least, is that the study of Russian history, and notably that of the reign of Catharine, is to be recommended to all who desire an intellectual grasp of one great group of international problems. Apart from any such result it is a study of the keenest human interest and one, it must be added, that to the English mind presents a great but stimulating difficulty.

A passage in Alphonse Daudet's reminiscences describes a conversation with Tourguenieff, in which the Russian novelist discusses, in confidence between men of letters, what it is precisely that constitutes the Slavonic temperament. Characteristically enough of the race, if not of the man, his description consists mainly in a pure negative, in renouncing the attempt to describe. We do not think, we do not feel as you do, he says; our morality is not yours; your hard and fast distinctions vanish in our atmosphere; the element our inner life moves in is, in short, the Slavonic mist (*le brouillard Slave*). Certain extracts from the book of his own youth made Tourguenieff's meaning clear to his hearer; the Slavonic mist it appears,

would be a medium highly antipathetic to the Shorter Catechism and one in which many of the properties, or even the decencies, of life, as we view it, tend to disappear. But it is nevertheless a profoundly interesting phenomenon, and, when we penetrate it a little, not without a bizarre and, perhaps, a redeeming charm of its own.

Russian history, when not of the merely official and academic kind, at once fascinates and perplexes, both because of the colossal types of humanity it displays and of a pervading sense that the world they move in is morally and spiritually a whole hemisphere away from the civilisation and the platitudes of the West. Nowhere, perhaps, have the characteristics been more incisively displayed than in M. Waliszewski's work *AUTOUR D'UN TRÔNE*, that extremely erudite study of the personalities surrounding Catharine the Second and of the great and enigmatic figure of the Northern Semiramis herself. Of the learned author's accuracy it would be impertinent to speak, except only to note that his work is chiefly based on correspondence, diaries, conversations taken down from the lips of Catharine, documents, in fact, as authentic as history can ever obtain, collated and weighted with the exhaustive patience of a highly critical mind. And in vividness and realistic effect, M. Waliszewski's pages leave nothing for modern curiosity to desire.

It is perhaps unnecessary to caution the reader that a work like *AUTOUR D'UN TRÔNE* is not fully intelligible unless supplemented to some extent from other sources. For an obvious instance, Prince Gregor Orlof, the first of the great Imperial favourites in order of time, the man who more than any other set Catharine on her husband's throne, distinguished

himself during the years when he almost reigned as Emperor by one solitary achievement, the pacification of Moscow. What was precisely the matter at Moscow is indicated in M. Waliszewski's pages by a single Russian word of unfamiliar aspect to most, *samovaniets*. It was in fact the great outbreak of plague in 1771, when panic-stricken crowds flocked round the holy image of the Mother of God and many persons were suffocated in the throng, till at length the Archbishop, an "enlightened man," caused the image to be removed. "He is in conspiracy with the doctors to make us die, he forbids us to pray to the Mother of God," the populace cried; and in the ensuing riot the Archbishop fell, and anarchy was let loose on the city till Gregor Orlof arrived to govern it. The incident is typical of much of Catharine's reign, the half-barbaric passion, the wholly barbarous ignorance, the veneer of enlightenment, are all highly characteristic of the Russia that she found and that she left. And, strangely enough, it is still more typical that an apparent trifler, a debauchee, as Orlof was in ordinary life, should suddenly have shown himself master of so portentous a situation.

What strikes one most in the great figures of Catharine's reign is their singular alternation between the wildest orgies and the most splendid achievements, between childish irresponsibility and successful statecraft. The contrast between the official history and the genuine biographies of the men who made it is at times so startling that one is tempted to believe them swayed in their public actions by some instinctive natural force "not themselves," which made, if not directly for righteousness, at least for the greatness of the Russian Empire. Under Catharine Russia

acquired a vast sweep of territory from the Baltic to the Euxine, including of course the majority of Poland and the Crimea; she for the first time set her grasp on the Black Sea, her arms were everywhere victorious, great internal reforms were given the force of law, and even to some extent carried out. And yet, but for a perception of great spontaneous forces at work in the obscuring medium of the Slavonic mist, we might imagine that the more personal and intimate history of the time resembled rather that of an empire rotting to its fall.

"I have made war without generals and governed without ministers," Catharine declared, and though the remark must be taken as an epigram, it has its truth. To the Western mind the following highly authenticated description of Panine, who was virtually prime-minister during the earlier years of her reign, might well seem incredible. "He rises at two o'clock (p.m.) to commence a toilet which his infirmities render lengthy. At four he is ready to receive the persons who habitually wait on him, but dinner is immediately served, and followed by a drive or a siesta lasting an hour. At half-past seven the minister receives his company of boon companions and the day is finished. The interval from half-past six to half-past seven is the only time in which one can address him on business of State." Another witness informs us, a few years later, that Panine slept from half-past six to eight, after which the strenuous efforts of two valets were necessary to arouse him.

When Potemkin was at the height of his greatness his chariot, with six horses ready harnessed, was often to be seen at his door day after day for months together "before he could decide to leave the palace where he happened to find himself."

Yet the work of government went

on not unsuccessfully, in a manner mysterious to the Western mind. An inconceivable mass of vices and ineptitudes seemed to leave the latent genius of these men unsubdued, to flash fitfully indeed, but at the right moment. When Saltikof, one of the greatest leaders in the Seven Years' War, died in disgrace and was buried with maimed rites, Count Panine was found standing sentinel at his tomb. He would stand there, he declared, till relieved by a guard of honour, which was duly sent. And when the question of the marriage of the Empress to Alexis Orlof was touched on in the Imperial Council, it was Panine, awake for once, who made a solitary and effectual protest: "The Empress will do as she pleases, but Madam Orlof will never be sovereign of Russia."

The greatest figure of the reign was certainly Potemkin; yet even here it is hard to penetrate the Slavonic mist. M. Waliszewski still finds it difficult to be certain whether the most imposing of Catharine's ministers or favourites was in truth a genius or a madman. The element of insanity, that a phlegmatic common-sense may be excused for seeing in Potemkin, was at least fortunate in its methods of expression. Owing his advance to the Orlofs, whom he was shortly to supplant, Potemkin was first introduced into the palace to amuse the Empress with his talent for imitating voices, and the master-stroke of the entertainment proved to be an imitation of Catharine's own voice, so successful that the amiable Sovereign cried with laughter. The Orlofs certainly owed their protégé something, for in a fracas resulting from a quarrel with the gigantic and brutal Alexis Orlof, the hero of Tchisme and hitherto the most notable favourite of Catharine, Potemkin had lost an eye, and unhappily

squinting with that which remained, he had conceived the idea of retiring into a monastery. It was thoroughly in the manner of the day that, after his successful ventriloquism, he should persuade the Empress that this pious resolve was the outcome of a passion that a loyal subject must needs regard as hopeless.

Sombre and disquieting in outward appearance, intensely passionate yet of extreme finesse, Potemkin was a man before whom autocracy itself became humble. Vassilitchkof, Potemkin's immediate predecessor in Catharine's affections, at once remarked of him, "He is the master," adding with extreme candour, "I was the minion (*Je n'étais qu'une fille entretenue*)."

The Cyclops, as the author of his injury named him, was not easily tamed. Indignant at not being summoned to the Council of State, he refused to address a word to Catharine, and the Imperial dinner table was plunged into an embarrassed silence, from which the Empress retired alone to return with reddened eyes. Before long the conquest of Catharine was complete. In letters on affairs of State she bestows the titles of little Father and little Pigeon on the terrible Potemkin.

Gigantic in stature, with black hair and brown complexion, the Cyclops was an imposing and terrifying rather than an attractive figure. He never wittingly allowed himself to be painted. He shared with Alexis Orlof (oddly enough nicknamed *le Balafre*, the man with the scar) the right to wear the portrait of the Empress set in diamonds, her gift to both, and M. Waliszewski dramatically describes their encounter when Potemkin first assumed the hitherto unique decoration. Ordinarily their relations were those of courtesy. It is said that meeting on the palace staircase Potemkin asked, "What news at

Court?" and Orlof replied, "None, but that I am going down and you are going up"; and at the ball in question the same decorum was outwardly preserved. But the next day in Catharine's private apartments the quarrel broke out with fury, the alternately thundering voices of the two men causing the palace windows to tremble while the Empress stood deadly pale between them. Nor was Alexis Orlof, who had destroyed the Turkish fleet at Tchesme, or at least had the credit of that feat, easily to be disposed of. "He came down like an avalanche on my head," Catharine writes to Potemkin. All three were destined to be surprised in the sequel.

In administration Potemkin displayed, if inconstantly and spasmodically, faculties that were certainly akin to genius. Count Ségur, the French ambassador, called on him one day to communicate a memorandum of a projected commercial establishment at Kherson, a document crowded with figures and all manner of details. His reading of it was interrupted by the entrance of various persons, a pope, a secretary, a milliner, to all of whom Potemkin talked; and finally Ségur, not a little huffed, put the document back in his pocket, declining the Prince's invitation to leave it for future consideration. A few months later he was astounded at receiving a letter of thanks from the director of the Kherson establishment. Without further consideration Potemkin had simply, and no doubt freely, translated the memorandum into fact, a performance that might fairly have been called a master-stroke in Napoleon.

Potemkin had, no doubt, his moments of genius, but his manifestations of the Napoleonic type were frequently obscured by others characteristic rather of a greatly exaggerated Beau Brummel. The

famous Lady Cathcart was invited to stay in his new palace at St. Petersburg, but found only one room in the building completed, that one being three hundred feet long. Marvellous indeed were the caprices of his campaign against the Turks,—two regiments of grenadiers taken from the front to dig excavations in which entertainments truly Sardanapalesque (to quote M. Waliszewski's epithet) were given to bebies of ladies, and crystal goblets filled with diamonds were passed round to be emptied, the Prince reclining meanwhile on a rose and silver divan, while perfume burned in golden vessels.

"Why this firing?" was the question sent by Potemkin, who seems to have had a horror of the noise of cannon, to his subordinate at the front. "Tell the Prince it is because the Russians and Turks are at war," was the reply. On other occasions Potemkin would expose himself with entire recklessness. "Do not rise when I come," he said to the men in trenches when the air was alive with balls; "only try not to go down when the Turk's shot comes." The conqueror of the Crimea was, in truth, nothing if not fantastic. Desiring to see a *tzigane*, he sent for two young sergeants from a regiment stationed in the Caucasus, and, the *tzigane* having been sufficiently admired, sent them back with commissions. Yet for all that it was, in a sense, under Potemkin that Otchakof was taken and the Crimea conquered. He was the first Russian commander to concern himself about the well-being of his men; and if one remembers in what semi-deserts his campaigns were fought, his own phrase, that he had made bread out of stones, seems not an unreasonable hyperbole.

The Slavonic nature differs perhaps from others in its acuter sense of the insubstantiality of human existence.

It seems unable to rest in placid possession of the concrete; the passion for some unrealisable beyond is always a little way below the surface. One day at table Potemkin fell into a reverie; presently he spoke: "Can any man be happier than I! All my wishes, all my desires have been fulfilled as though by enchantment. I wished for high office, I have it, for decorations, I have them all. I loved play, and I have been able to lose incalculable sums. I desired estates, I possess all I want; to build houses, I have built palaces. The finest and rarest jewels are mine. The cup is full (*en un mot je suis comblé*); and with these words he took a porcelain plate and broke it on the floor, then went out and shut himself in his private chamber." It is improbable, one fears, that Johnson can have heard of this singular confession, so far more convincing than the oratory of Rasselas.

For those who occupied the position Potemkin held with regard to Catharine one supreme prize remained, and for two out of the many, for Alexis Orlof and Potemkin himself, it seemed not impossible of attainment. The final effort of Potemkin to secure it, if perhaps a counsel of despair, was a stroke of singular subtlety. This remarkable man had always contrived to keep closely in touch with the Russian clergy. Among his multifarious pursuits he had found time to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the liturgical minutiae and the endless chantings of the Eastern Church. He persuaded Catharine to accompany him on a pilgrimage to the Troitza monastery. Here, to quote M. Waliszewski, the loving couple found themselves surrounded by obsequious monks. Potemkin vanishes; the monks whisper in the Sovereign's ear words reproaching a union which

the Church has never been called upon to sanction. Suddenly Potemkin reappears, having exchanged his gold lace for a monastic habit. It appears that his conscience has been touched; if he cannot marry the object of his passion, he proposes to devote himself to God. Catharine unhappily proved equal to the situation. Comprehending, even sharing his emotion, she approves his design of closing his days within the walls of a monastery. The scene touches the highest reaches of comedy, none the less perhaps for a certain element of reality in the emotion. Hastily abandoning his monastic habit to follow Catharine to St. Petersburg, Potemkin discovers that his voice, in thunderous or caressing accents, has no longer its former power. But it is only at this point that his real greatness in this especial rôle is destined to appear.

The carriage of the superseded favourite who "growled like an angry lion and seemed to restrain himself with difficulty from breaking the furniture," did not fail, though Catharine was not without experience in that kind of its calculated effect. Before long Potemkin re-emerges not as Imperial favourite in the more specific sense, but as the purveyor of favourites whose qualifications were henceforth to be the possession of personal attractions and an absence of dominating character. "Brilliant but fleeting shadows, creatures of a day," they came and went at Potemkin's bidding; it was thus that he remained the virtual ruler of All the Russias.

His character, like so many others, still remains obscured for us by the Slavonic mist; it is a chaos of moral and immoral traits that defies complete interpretation. On acquiring certain domains he caused all the gallows on them to be thrown down,

proclaiming that the peasants must in future do his will solely by respect for their duty. He was seldom known to strike any of his domestics; generals and functionaries of State he frequently struck. A certain Prince Volkonski thus unceremoniously treated was said to have taken a "notable revenge"; he remained absent from the Prince's ante-chamber for eight days. While engaged in the siege of Otschakof Potemkin, hearing that the ambulance was in a deplorable condition, replied, "So much the better; I shall have no wounded." Yet the army adored him. Among the population at large he was unpopular. A courtier replied to one of Catherine's searching questions with, "In Petersburg there are two who love him, the *bon Dieu* and your Majesty."

"I am God's spoiled child," was Potemkin's verdict on his own career. He believed unquestioningly in his star. On one occasion a vessel close to his own blew up killing many on board; "and so it would have been with us," the Prince said to the person beside him, "if Heaven did not make me an exception." The recipient of this strange confidence was the Prince de Ligne, the soldier of fortune to whom several charming studies in *LES CAUSERIES DE LUNDI* are devoted, recording among other things his rule for attaining happiness: "To stand apart from oneself, to be much preoccupied with other people (*Avoir beaucoup de détachement de soi-même, beaucoup de préoccupation d'autrui*)." He may well have been preoccupied with his strange fellow-voyager on this occasion. It need hardly be said that he closed his life as a soldier of fortune.

With all the gifts of a statesman and a courtier mixed with the inconsequence of a child, yet with a strange forcefulness as of a human

tornado, Potemkin may well remain a mystery. If we are to escape the dilemma of genius or madman, it can only be by declaring that he was both. Among the many inconsistencies of the age stands the curious fact that despite all the solid acquisition of Russia under his direction, it is still as an improviser of the unusual and the fantastic, of a purely theatrical civilisation having no basis in fact, that he performed his greatest feats. Catharine's progress in South Russia, especially in the Crimea, under his auspices as Prince of the Taurid, is an instance in point. "Two months before," says an observer, "there was nothing"; but on the arrival of the Empress, "Heaven knows what miracles had happened. And the devil knows from whence have issued these establishments, these armies, populations, Tartars in rich costumes, Cossacks, vessels of war. I seemed to be moving in a dream." It must have seemed like a chapter of *THE ARABIAN NIGHTS* among those gardens improvised in the wilderness, and villages built for the occasion; but it was indeed the Devil who seemed most likely to have cognisance of the origin of it all. "One must say it; these marvels were produced by tyranny and terror, and entailed the ruin of several provinces." The beginnings of the Russian Empire are not without resemblance to stages of the Roman Empire which were not of the beginning.

The most splendid festivity of the progress was held, strangely enough, at Inkerman. The stage effect was certainly admirable. The gorgeous banquet, which was a matter of course, having reached its end, a vast sheet of canvas was allowed to fall, revealing to the astonished eyes of the Empress and the Court the new town of Sebastopol, while a fleet anchored in the bay thundered an

Imperial salute. But unfortunately the fleet had been built of green wood; in a few months the timbers warped and the vessels were all but useless. They had been designed, in fact, to serve as theatrical properties.

The eminence of Potemkin is strikingly displayed in contrast with the strange figure that rose to replace him after his death in 1791. The more Catharine succeeds in making her intimate personality visible to us, the harder it becomes to believe that she was ever old. As M. Waliszewski charmingly expresses it, at sixty spring still whispered in her heart, and her choice to replace Potemkin, alike in the rôle he had formerly held and in that of general adviser which he had never relinquished, fell on the young and handsome Platon Zubof. Of the new favourite's ancestry M. Waliszewski is content to remark that "his father governed a province somewhere and grew rich," which in itself hardly constitutes a distinction. Little that is recorded of his career is distinctive in a favourable sense. The anecdote of his going before his elevation to wait on the Grand Duke Paul, the heir apparent, and drawing aside respectfully "to make room for his Highness's dog," is no doubt typical less of the man than of the age. Souvarof, who could be a courtier at moments, remarked that the young man was fit to be a sergeant of the Guard. He attained, in fact, among many other distinctions, to that of Commander-in-chief of the Artillery without knowing the difference between a heavy gun and a field-piece. It was certainly not the age of specialists; a secretary of the Admiralty was chosen at this period on the ground of his once having travelled by sea to London; it was an age rather when men like Potemkin seemed to pick up the extensive if

rudimentary knowledge they required by a species of instinct, or equally when the young and charming, like Zubof, could afford to dispense with knowledge of any kind. Catharine, with her amazing femininity declared the latter "the greatest genius the Russian Empire had ever produced." She was then sixty years of age, in the first year of the French Revolution.

The new favourite's ante-chambers soon swarmed with the multitude of those who lacked advancement, and with one inmate besides who might well have been the creature of the malignant imagination of a Swift, but is in fact a historical personage of the most attested order. This was Zubof's monkey, ceaselessly clambering over the splendid chandeliers, skipping round the corners of the apartments, or sometimes venturing a leap on to the head of some one of the persons below who chanced to look attractive. Following the proverb, the assistants at Zubof's *levée* rivalled each other in startling periwigs, in the hope that to afford a resting-place, however brief, for the monkey's feet would bring them a step nearer to the master. If Zubof had dreamed of a revenge for "his Highness's dog," he certainly obtained it. He obtained the further honour of an address from a provincial academy in which the modern Plato was compared, much to his advantage, to him of Athens.

Of all Catharine's generals Souvarof was the most famous and the most eccentric. A great soldier, it need hardly be said, intensely loved by his troops, whose lives he sacrificed in thousands, it was perhaps to their devotion, as happens with most generals, that he owed the greater part of his success. "It was not I but your little soldiers," Saltikof, who beat Frederic of Prussia at Kuners-

dorf, once said to Catharine; it is perhaps only in the Russian type that this kind of naive humanity could combine with real ability in war as in Souvarof, and with a certain ferocity. For the Russian soldiers of Catharine's day (and of the present perhaps) "children of iron frame (*ames d'enfants dans les enveloppes de fer*)," without talent for criticising their commanders, Souvarof was an ideal leader, being himself not without traces of the childish soul. The conqueror of Otchakof and Ismail, the leader in the titanic, if luckless, campaign in Switzerland was indeed capable, when the cannon was silent, of the most remarkable pranks. When the bâton of field-marshal was conferred on him, a solemn mass was celebrated in the cathedral of St. Petersburg. Souvarof ordered as many chairs as there were general officers senior to himself to be placed in line, and having divested himself of much of his uniform vaulted over these chairs one after another, while the astonished priests were waiting to commence the office. In camp he used to appear stark naked (*nu comme ver*) before the general gaze, and turn somersaults on the grass. A courier with a dispatch from Potemkin arriving once during this ceremony, Souvarof merely called for paper and ink and without other preliminaries wrote his answer, then resuming the somersaults. One is not surprised to hear of a large flask of strong punch being in constant requisition on the battlefield; the general called it his *limonade*.

But Souvarof with "his slow brow and piercing eye," is not a character to be comprehended at a glance. His eccentricities no doubt gained the hearts of his soldiers; it may even be, since psychologically everything is possible, that the *limonade* was useful in obliterating the horror of the heca-

tombs on which he marched to victory. He was seen to weep among the flames of Praga more, it would seem, for the massacred Poles than for his own Russians. The great campaign of Switzerland at least was the performance of no ordinary soldier. When Souvarof reached Vienna in 1798, the Aulic council of war demanded communication of his plans; he replied by displaying a blank sheet of paper bearing the signature of the Emperor Paul. His conception of strategy was a dogged bullet-headed advance with the bayonet; what was remarkable in this fantastic campaign was the vast reputation he gained by a dogged but masterly retreat. In a dispatch from Switzerland quoted by Rimband, he writes: "In this kingdom of terrors, abysses open beside us at every step awaiting our arrival.

Nights spent among the clouds, the noise of cataracts, the breaking of avalanches—we have surmounted them all," and it was an army from the interminable plains of Russia that he commanded. "Lost in the heart of the mountains, betrayed by the carelessness of his allies," few situations in war have been more desperate. The iron frame of his soldiers was roughly tested: thousands in fact perished in the Multenthal and on the glaciers of the Rindskoff; but what passed in those *amcs d'enfants* among the plantasmagoric horrors of the mountains no one can tell us. Souvarof himself was perhaps overwrought by what must be called the most romantic experience of modern war. He greeted Korsahof, who had been defeated after a most obstinate battle at Zurich and thus prevented from supporting his commander, by snatching a carbine and presenting arms. "It is thus, is it not, that you have saluted Masséna? *Mais vive Dieu, pas à la Russe, pas à la Russe!*"

Another singular figure was the

Minister of State, Bezborodko, one of the most important and most trusted of Catharine's advisers during the latter half of her reign. It is a type in some aspects not unfamiliar to the eighteenth century in countries nearer home, a type in which laborious statesmanship is mated with wild debauchery and amazing extravagance, but in Bezborodko the mixture was spiced with a certain fantastic element alien to the West. Of by no means aristocratic extraction, he was commonly known as the Hahol, the designation of the despised Little Russian, and something genially peasantlike in his nature, which he retained among the splendours of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, seems to have rendered the name generally acceptable. It was he who imagined a new way of enlivening a whist-party, by having cannon fired off whenever her Majesty's physician revoked. The romantic side of his life was his harem, M. Waliszewski remarks, but far more distinctive traits of his are recorded. At certain periods he preferred distractions of a frankly vulgar kind, and would disappear for thirty-six hours, with a hundred roubles in his pocket, into quarters of the city not usually visited by Ministers of State. On one occasion an Imperial courier, bearing an urgent summons from the Empress, discovered him in one of these haunts extremely drunk; but in an instant he was sober, and returning home had himself drenched with cold water, let blood from both arms, and so was driven to the Palace. The Empress, it appeared, was impatient for the draft of a projected law; Bezborodko promptly drew out a paper and read aloud a document which moved Catharine to profound admiration, but on her desiring to see the text, the Minister fell on his knees with many apologies; the paper was a blank, his law had

been simply an improvisation. The iron heads of the age of Sheridan and Fox were, it seems, no monopoly in Old England.

The conventional idea of a Russian minister is completely routed by this singular personage. There was apparent in him at times a curiously simple humanity, a *bonhomme* very near to Nature and the soil, such as hardly any writings before those of Gorki have attempted to describe. A young fellow-countryman, another Hahol, called on him once with a view to obtaining a place. Growing tired of waiting this youth amused himself by chasing a fly, and oblivious of all else in the pursuit contrived at length with a desperate blow to smash to atoms the object the creature had perched on, nothing else than a priceless vase of Sevres porcelain. "Missed!" exclaimed a voice, and the Hahol turning round recognised the minister. "Come, let us talk," Bezborodko went on; "we must see that at least you don't miss the place."

It may be added that Bezborodko was a zealous collector,—connoisseur is perhaps doubtful—of objects of art. His furniture, not including pictures, was sold at his death for the relatively colossal sum of four million roubles.

Catharine's voluminous correspondence with Diderot, Grimm, and other *philosophes* affords considerable evidence of what she was, and still more of what she wished to appear. It was no doubt the lighter side of her mind that thus spread itself on paper for the edification of the great minds of Western Europe, her serious meditations being couched in Russian and hidden in the obscurity of the Slavonic mist.

But with Diderot, who stayed many months at St. Petersburg, she had numerous conversations that do

certainly reveal something. The philosopher indeed discovered in the Empress "the soul of Brutus with the charms of Cleopatra"; this of course is the gold-laced embroidery that in the eighteenth, or indeed in any century, seems inevitably to mask the true figure of royalty. Still reality peeps out on occasions. Once Diderot was declaiming about the iniquity of those flattered monarchs for whom, he remarked, a special place in hell, if there were such a place, must be reserved, when the Empress interrupted him. "What do they say in Paris about the death of my husband?" Diderot stammered (the Emperor Paul had of course not survived the revolution that set Catharine on the throne), then, recovering himself, talked sagaciously of harsh necessities sometimes imposed on the great. "Ah, Monsieur," said Catharine, "you are at least on your way to Purgatory."

Official history has too much to say about the reforms of Catharine's reign, and Diderot was eager to observe their ameliorating effects. The wide gulf between enactment and enforcement surprised him—he was unacquainted, says the writer, with a peculiarly typical Russian proverb, "*le papier souffre tout* (nothing does any harm to paper)." The Russia of that period was of course a country vastly different from anything that existed in the imagination of the Encyclopædists; what is remarkable is that Catharine should have been so much allied with that illuminated circle, and yet have gone so placidly, and sometimes so remorselessly, on her own road. Of Diderot she remarked, "He seems on some sides a hundred years old, and on others ten"; an admirable summary of the impression perennially made by the philosopher on the children of this world.

It would certainly be inaccurate to suppose that Catharine's reforms were merely paper proclamations. Many of them were decidedly real, as for instance, the admirable organisation of general hospitals which remains in force at the present day. But in the eighteenth century Russia was labouring to catch up the development of Western Europe; competent observers noted that the chief national characteristic was mimicry: "Peter the Great had this gift on the grand scale, and every Russian has it in little." They were in fact monkey-like (*vrais singes*); it is curious to observe how a hundred years later this character has been bestowed, perhaps just as gratuitously, on the Japanese. "I am working at laws and tapestry," Catharine remarks in that peculiarly Slavonic vein of persiflage, which seems always to be saying that all things in the end come to the same thing. The same feminine occupation, or metaphor, pursues her when reading Blackstone: "I make no account of his book but spin my own thread out of him," a remark, thrown over the shoulder, as it were, that is yet a saying of genius. Catharine's was indeed in some respects an ordinary mind; she travelled the well-beaten route from the liberalism of youth to the conservatism of age, and moved with her country from the political ideas of the Aufklärung to the anti-Jacobinism natural to a crowned head in 1793. But her doings and sayings were always marked by a personal accent and a peculiar unconventionality that distinguish her at once from the ordinary run of monarchs. Thus her reception of Count Esterhazy, the envoy of M. d'Artois, chief of the *émigrés* at Coblenz in 1791, was not what that personage could have expected. Esterhazy was conducted to the palace by Zoubov who, after leading him through several apartments, opened a

door and pushed him in with the simple remark, "*La voilà.*" In view of the political situation as a whole, this method of ushering the delegate of the counter revolution into the presence of the most powerful of European sovereigns, was not without its charm; and we may be sure that Catharine herself was not unconscious of it. Her whole apparently serious policy is full of these playful touches; at this time she was inviting the King of Sweden, her recent enemy, to the Seine with gunboats in order to "suppress the tumults in Paris." In her private correspondence of this period His Majesty of Sweden goes by the name of Don Quixote.

Only four years earlier Catharine had known danger nearer home, when her second war with the Turks and that with Sweden broke out together, and when she had sat in the Winter Palace reading the hopeless letters in which Potemkin foreshadowed the abandonment of the newly won Crimea, and heard, as she read, the Swedish guns at the mouth of the Neva.

To Catharine the fall of the French Monarchy was in comparison a sort of theatrical spectacle to be watched with interest from the Imperial box. She was in fact indifferent to the Revolution; she indeed coquetted with its intellectual side, because of her conviction or her instinct that the Revolution could by no possibility touch the realities of Russian life. As M. Waliszewski explains, she was as little concerned with the political principles, for instance, of Diderot, as an African potentate would be about the Radicalism of some passing explorer. The example is perhaps extreme, but it merely expresses the essential difference that under a common veneer of civilisation divided Russia from the West.

The total effect of a work like M. Waliszewski's, with all its crowd of

light personalia caught on the wing, is perhaps a little bewildering to the English reader. The *chauvinisme* of the natural man will insist on the many grotesque and savage blotches only too visible in such a picture of Russian humanity; a more sympathetic, and therefore more critical, study makes us aware that it presents a type of humanity with certain peculiar excellencies and a singular charm of its own,—a type more open to emotion, more intimate, so to speak, with itself than our more assiduous civilisation has produced. It may be noted in passing that a story by no means vague, though certainly not susceptible of confirmation, would indicate that Catharine did not belong to Russia merely by adoption, but by a nearer bond. But whatever was the true relation between her and the mysterious M. Betzki, to whom she paid an affection and a deference almost filial, she has certainly become for us a pre-eminent example of the national type, deserving therefore critical and courteous study.

A vast collection of condemnatory epithets, all those in fact habitually bestowed on Mary of Scotland and Elizabeth of England together, might on the face of things be applied with propriety to Catharine, but it is to deal only with the face of things to apply them without considerable reserve. The most courteous historian must admit that a favourite was an essential requisite of Catharine's existence, and not solely for the reason expressed in that curious sentence, "She could not bear to have no equal (*n'avoir point d'egal lui semblait insupportable*).” And the range of her favours no doubt was astonishingly wide, travelling, perhaps through insatiable curiosity, from Potemkin, Prince of the Taurid, to Korsak or Korsakof, a serjeant of Hussars, to Zoritch ("Zoritch c'est le

beau male par excellence, Korsak c'est le tenor"), to many others, a Persian candidate momentarily included, to Platon Zubof, to a personage only described as *Le bel Manonof*. All these were made illustrious for a while;

— Besides the presents
Of several ribbons and some thousand
peasants,—

the peasants being almost invariably found near the Vistula, for it was with the spoils of Poland that the favourites were enriched, and finally pensioned off. Some indeed were married to eligible ladies of the court, the toilet of the bride taking place on these occasions in the Empress's own apartment. One instance of this type is specially curious.

It is singular that, with her many distinguished correspondents, Catharine seems never to have entered on any communication with one who was in a sense her contemporary and to whom she presents on more than one side a distinct affinity,—with Goethe. The parallel between the Semiramis of the North and the author of *FAUST* is of course personal rather than intellectual, and lies mainly in regard to matters of the heart, in which respect indeed the resemblance is not a little striking. Catharine's secret was, in M. Waliszewski's words, an imagination fired by an inappeasable hunger for life (*La fainéantise de son cœur toujours jeune et de ses sens jamais lassés*). Goethe's last entanglement, it will be remembered, found him almost an octogenarian. "I have returned to life like a fly that has lain torpid through winter," wrote Catharine, announcing the commencement of yet another passionate episode, and singularly enough announcing it to Potemkin.

Yet it admits of no doubt that Catharine felt keenly the severance of

these connections, in those cases when the severance was not affected by her own imperious caprice. After the death of Lanskoi the transport of her grief caused her to suspend all attention to public affairs, so the French *chargé d'affaires* writes to his government; two months later the Sovereign only sees her ministers at rare intervals. She herself writes: "As regards public affairs, they take their course just as formerly, but for my individual self, I possessed a great happiness, and I have it no more. My days are passed in weeping or in business. Three months after my irreparable loss the best that can be said is that I have accustomed myself again to the sight of human faces, that I do my duty and try to do good." To the Western mind certainly the accent of these words must seem fundamentally incompatible with Catharine's personal history; yet it is there. The loss was not indeed irreparable, for Lanskoi was in due course replaced by *le bel* Manonof, an incident that occasioned a yet more cruel separation and a yet more astonishing revelation of the eccentricities of the Slavonic character. Like Don Juan, Manonof proved unequal to a social station of this highly elevated kind. "In royalty's vast arms he pined for beauty," which he discovered in the person of a maid of honour, *Made-moiselle* Chtcherbatof.

The sequel is given in a singular fragment of a conversation between Catherine and her secretary, Crapowicki.

"For eight months I have suspected it," the Empress suddenly

broke out. "He has kept to himself, he has avoided me. It was always an oppression on the chest—then lately he has talked of religious scruples—the traitor! It was this other love that strangled him." "Everyone is astonished that your Majesty should have given consent to this marriage," the secretary was content to observe. "God be with them! I wish that they may be happy," the Empress replied; "but you see it, I have pardoned them, I have consented to their union; they should be ravished, but now both are weeping! For a week his eyes have followed me everywhere. Strange! Formerly he had taste, a great facility; now he botches all that he does, everything wearies him, his chest is constantly worse. Indeed the Prince [Potemkin] said to me this winter, *Matouchka, crachez sur lui*, and he pointed his finger at the Chtcherbatof. But I was blind; I laboured to justify him."

Catharine was at this moment nearly sixty years of age. When the marriage took place the toilet of the Chtcherbatof was performed in the apartments of the Empress, who herself assisted in the interesting rite. The Manonofs were liberally endowed with lands or, in the usual phrase, with so many thousands of peasants. It is hard to imagine Queen Elizabeth acting thus in a similar situation. What this slight incident discloses is precisely that inner difference which makes the type that Catharine represents so interesting an enigma.

W. F. ALEXANDER.

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